

THE  
SCORNFULL  
LADY.

A COMEDY.

As it was Acted (with great applause) by  
the late Kings Majesties Servants,  
at the *Black-Fryers*.

Written by { FRANCIS BEAUMONT, }  
and { JOHN FLETCHER. } *Gentlemen.*

The first Edition, Corrected and  
amended.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Humphrey Maseley, and are to be sold at his Shop  
at the *Princes Armes* in *St. Pauls Church-yard*. 1651.



(\*\*\*\*\*)

## The Actors are these.

**E**lder LOVELESS, *a Suter to the Lady.*

Young LOVELESS, *a Prodigal.*

SAVILE, *Steward to the Elder LOVELESS.*

LADY, *and*

MARTHA } *Two Sisters.*

YOUNGLOVE, or ABIGAL, *a Waiting-Gentlewoman.*

WELFORD, *a Suter to the Lady.*

Sir ROGER, *Curate to the Lady.*

CAPTAIN,

A { TRAVELLER,

POET,

TOBACCO-MAN,

} *hangers on to Young LOVELESS.*

*Wenches.*

*Fidlers*

MORECRAFT, *an Usurer.*

*A rich Widow.*

*Attendants.*

.....

The 20th of 2

THE LOVELLES, a gentlemanly  
THE LOVELLES, a gentlemanly  
SALVAGE, a gentlemanly  
MARTIN, a gentlemanly  
YOUNG, a gentlemanly  
WILLIAMS, a gentlemanly  
WILLIAMS, a gentlemanly

THE AVILLER, a gentlemanly  
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ACTUS I. SCENA I.

*Enter the two Loveleſſes, Savil the Steward, and a Page.*

*Elder Love.*

**B** Rother, is your laſt hope paſt to mollifie *Morecrafts* heart about your Mortgage?

*Young Love.* Hopeleſſly paſt: I have preſented the Uſurer with a richer draught then ever *Cleopatra* ſwallowed; he hath ſuck't in ten thouſand pounds worth of my Land, more then he paid for at a gulp, without Trumpets.

*El. Lo.* I have as hard a taſk to perform in this houſe.

*To. Lo.* Faith mine was to make an Uſurer honeſt, or to loſe my Land.

*El. Lo.* And mine is to perſwade a paſſionate woman, or to leave the land.

*To. Lo.* Make the Boar ſtay. I fear I ſhall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkneſs of the night, and the roughneſs of the waters might eaſily diſſwade an unwilling man.

*Savil.* Sir, your Fathers old friends hold it the ſounder courſe for your body and eſtate to ſtay at home, marry, and propagate, and govern in your own Country, then to travel and die without iſſue.

*Ello.* *Savil* you ſhall gain the opinion of a better ſervant, in ſeeking to execute, not after my will, howſoever my intents ſucceed.

*To. lo.* Yonders Miſtris *Abigail* brother, the grave rubber of your Miſtris toes.

*Enter Mistress Abigail, the waiting woman.*

*El. Lo. Mistress Abigail.*

*Abig.* Master Lovelesse, truly we thought your sayles had been hoist: my Mistress is perswaded you are Sea sick ere this.

*El. Lo.* Loves she her ill taken-up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her from me?

*Abig.* By this light that shines, there's no removing her; if she get a stiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to day, when they say a woman can deny nothing.

*El. Lo.* What critical minute was that?

*Abig.* When her smock was over her ears; but she was no more pliant than if it hung about her heels.

*El. Lo.* I prethee deliver my service, and say, I desire to see the dear cause of my banishment, and then for *France*.

*Abig.* He do't: hark hither, is that your brother?

*El. Lo.* Yes, have you lost your memory?

*Abig.* As I live hee's a pretty fellow.

*To. Lo.* O this is a sweet *Brashe*.

*El. Lo.* Why she knowes not you.

*To. Lo.* No, but she offered me once to know her: to this day she loves youth of eighteen; she heard a Tale how *Cupid* struck her in love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her yet, she in kindness would needs wear a Willow Garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players in the last Queens time once over: She was strook when they acted Lovers, and forsook some when they played Murtherers. She has nine *Spurroyals*, and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she her self pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldest son, or her Mistress husbands Clark shall be, that marries her, shall make her a joynture of fourscore pounds a year; she tells Tales of the Serving-men.

*El. Lo.* Enough, I know her Brother. I shall intreat you onely to salute my Mistress, and take leave, wee'l part at the flayers.

*Enter Lady and Waiting woman.*

*La.* Now fir, this first of part your will is perform'd: what's the rest?

*El. Lo.* First, let me beg your notice, for this Gentleman my Brother.

*La.* I shall take it as a favour done to me, though the Gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer courtesies as a stranger, then upon those cold commendations,

*To. Lo.*

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

*Yo. Lo.* Lady my salutations crave acquaintance, and leave at once:

*La.* Sir, I hope you are the master of your own occasions.

*Exit Young Lo. Savill.*

*El. Lo.* Would I were so. Mistris, for me to praise over again that worth, which all the world, and you your self can see:

*La.* It's a cold room this; Servant.

*El. Lo.* Mistris.

*La.* What think you, If I have a Chimney for't out there?

*El. Lo.* Mistris another in my place, that were not tyed to beleieve all your actions just; would apprehend himself wrong'd: But I, whose vertues are constancy and obedience.

*La.* *Abigal*, make a good fire above to warm me, after my servants *Exordiums*.

*El. Lo.* I have heard and seen your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speak.

*La.* 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak to'th purpose.

*El. Lo.* Mistris, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But as a man——

*La.* A *Simile* servant? This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time of place for *Exordiums*, and *Similies*, & *Metaphors*? If you have ought to say, break into't: my answers shall very reasonably meet you:

*El. Lo.* Mistris I came to see you.

*La.* That's happily dispatcht, the next.

*El. Lo.* To take leave of you. *La.* To be gone. *El. Lo.* Yes.

*La.* You need not have despair'd of that, nor have us'd so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command; is there a third?

*El. Lo.* I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

*La.* I? Never apter. Fast (good Servant) fast.

*El. Lo.* 'Twas to entreat you to hear reason.

*La.* Most willingly; have you brought one that can speak it?

*El. Lo.* Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart, love and forgiveness.

*La.* You would stay at home?

*El. Lo.* Yes Lady.

*La.* Why you may, and doubtlesly will when you have debated, that your Commander is but your Mistris, a woman, a weak one, wildely overborn with passions: but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Dovers* deadfull Cliffe, passing in a poor *Water-house*; the dangers of the mercilesse Channel; twixt that and *Callis*, five long

### *The Scornfull Lady.*

long houres sayle, with three poore weekes victuals.

*El. Lo.* You wrong me.

*La.* Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an English hoast, to remove from City to City, by most chargeable posthorse, like one that rode in quest of his Mother-tongue.

*El. Lo.* You wrong me much.

*La.* And all these (almost invincible labors) performed for your Mistris, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some French Lady, who is content to change language with your laughter, and after your whole year spent in Tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazzard of being laugh't at at your return, and have Tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

*El. Lo.* You wrong me much.

*La.* Louder yet.

*El. Lo.* You know your least word is of force to make me seek out dangers; move me not with toys: but in this banishment, I must take leave to say, you are unjust: was one kisse forc't from you in publike, by me so unpardonable? Why all the houres of day and night have seen us kisse.

*La.* 'Tis true, and so you told the company that heard me chide.

*El. Lo.* Your own eyes were not dearer to you then I.

*La.* And so you told um.

*El. Lo.* I did, yet no sign of disgrace need to have stayn'd your cheek: you your self, knew your pure and simple heart to be most unsported, and free from the least baseness.

*La.* I did: But if a Maids heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own face will write her guilty.

*El. Lo.* But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew us, knew our resolutions well; And could it be hop'd, that I should give away my freedom, and venture a perpetual bondage with one I never kist? or could I in strict wisdom take too much love upon me, from her that chose me for her Husband?

*La.* Believe me, if my wedding smock were on,  
Were the Gloves bought and given, the Licence come,  
Were the Rosemary branches dipt, and all  
The Hipocrasse and Cakes ear and drunk off;  
Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands  
Of Bachelors, to lead me to the Church;  
Were my feet in the door, were I *John*, said;  
If *John* should boast a favor done by me,  
I would not wed that year: And you I hope,

When

*The Scornfull Lady.*

When you have spent this year commodiously,  
In atchieving Languages, will at your return  
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,  
Then such a friend : More talke I hold not now;  
If you dare, go.

*Elder. Love.* I dare you know : First let me kiss.

*Lady.* Farewell sweet servant ; your taske perform'd.  
On a new ground, as a beginning Suter,  
I shall be apt to hear you.

*Elder Loveless.* Farewell cruell Mistris.

*Exit Lady.*

*Enter Young Loveless and Savill.*

*Young Lo.* Brother you'l hazzard the loosing your Tide to *Greenwich* : you have a long halfe mile by land to *Greenwich*

*Elder Lo.* I go : but brother, what yet unheard of course to live,  
doth your imagination flatter you with ? Your ordinary means are  
devour'd.

*Young. Lo.* Course, why horse-courfing I think : consume no  
time in this : I have no estate to be mended by meditation : he that  
busies himself about my fortunes, may properly be said, to busie  
himself about nothing.

*Elder Lo.* Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfacti-  
on resolve and open : If you will shape none, I must inform you,  
that man but perswades himself he means to live, that imagines  
not the means.

*Yo. Lo.* Why Ile live upon others, as others have lived upon me.

*El. Lo.* I apprehend not that ; you have fed others, and conse-  
quently dispos'd of um : and the same measure must you expect from  
your maintainers, which will be too heavy an alteration for you to  
bear.

*Yo. Lo.* Why, Ile Purse, if that raise me not, Ile Bet at Bowling-  
Allices, or Man whores ; I would fain live by others : but Ile live  
whil' st I am unhang'd, and after the thoughts tak'n.

*El. Lo.* I see you are ty'd to no particular employment then.

*Yo. Lo.* Faith I may choose my course : they say Nature brings  
forth none, but she provides for them ; Ile try her liberality.

*El. Lo.* Well to keep your feet out of base and dangerous pathes,  
I have resolved, you shall live as Master of my House. It shall be  
your care *Savill*, to see him fed and clothed, not according to his  
present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

*Yo. Lo.* If it be referr'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation,  
jerrie stockings, blue Devils breeches, with the guards down,  
and

### *The Scornfull Lady.*

and my pocket i'th sleeves, Ile never look you i'th face again.

*Sav.* A comelier wear I wisse it is, then those dangling floss.

*El. Lo.* To keep you ready to do him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably; I leave these farther directions in writing, which at your best leisure together, open and read.

*Enter Abigail to them with a Jewel*

*Abig.* Sir, my Mistris commends her love to you in this token, and these words; it is a Jewel (she saies) which as a favour from her she would request you to wear, till your years travail be performed: which once expired, she wil happily expect your happy return.

*El. Lo.* Return my service with such thanks, as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly over-joyed man, would willingly utter; and you (I hope) I shall with slender arguments perswade to wear this Diamond; that when my Mistris shall through my long absence, and the approach of new Sutors, offer to forget me; you may cast your eye down to your finger, and remember, and speak of me: She will hear thee better then those alied by birth to her: as we see many men much swayed by the Grooms of their Chambers, not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them, as on others, but for they know their secrets.

*Abig.* A my credit I swear, I think twas made for me: Fear no other Sutors.

*Elder. Love:* I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning, you know how to take exception at their shafts at washing, or to make the Maids swear they found Plaisters in their bed.

*Abig.* I know, I know, and do you not fear the Sutors.

*Eld. Lo.* Farewell, be mindfull, and be happy: the night calls me.

*Exeunt omnes præter Abigail.*

*Abig.* The gods of the windes befriend you sir; a constant and a liberrall Lover thou art, more such God send us.

*Enter Welford.*

*Wel.* Let um not stand still, we have rid.

*Abig.* A Sutor I know by his riding hard, Ile no be seen.

*Wel.* A Pretty Hall this: No Servants in't? I would look freshly.

*Abig.* You have delivered your errand to me then: there's no danger in a handsome young fellow: Ile shew my self.

*Wel.* Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger, the ordinary grace of salutation: Are you the Lady of this house?

*Abig.* Sir I am worthil proud to be a servant of hers.

*Wel.* Lady, I should be as proud to be a servant of yours; did



*The Scornfull Lady.*

not my so late acquaintance make me despair.

*Abig.* Sir, it is not so hard to atcheive, but nature may bring it about.

*Wel.* For these comfortable words, I remain your glad debtor. Is your Lady at home?

*Abig.* She is no stragler sir.

*Wel.* May her occasions admit me to speak with her?

*Abig.* If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

*Wel.* I know your affable vertue will be moved to perswade her; that a Gentleman benighted and straided, offers to be bound to her for a nights lodging.

*Abig.* I well commend this message to her; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded: other women of the house-hold's of good carriage and government, upon any of which, if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithfull, tho not so coy.

*Exit Abigail.*

*Wel.* What a skin full of lust is this? I thought I had come a wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right Court fashion: Men, Women, and all wooe, catch that catch may. If this soft hearted woman have infused any of her tenderness into her Lady, there is hope she well be pliant. But who's here?

*Enter Sir Roger the Curate.*

*Rog.* God save you sir: My Lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she conferre with you.

*Wel.* Sir, my name calls me *Welford*.

*Rog.* Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. Ile try his wit.

*Wel.* I will uphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had this two hundred years sir.

*Rog.* I knew a worshipful and a religious Gentleman of your name in the Bishopricke of *Durham*. Call'd you him Cousen?

*Wel.* I am onely allied to his vertues sir.

*Rog.* It is modestly said: I should carrie the badge of your Christianity with me too,

*Wel.* What's that, a Cross? there's a tester.

*Rog.* I mean the name which your Godfathers and Godmothers gave you at the Font.

*Wel.* Tis *Harry*: but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechisme: for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name?

*Rog. Roger.*

*Wel.* What room fill you in this house?

*Rog.* More rooms then one.

*Wel.* The more the merrier: But may my blodness know why



*The Scornfull Lady.*

why your Lady hath sent you to decipher my name?

*Rog.* Her own words were these : To know whether you were a formerly denied Sutor, disguised in this message : for I can assure you she delights not in *Thalame* : *Himen* and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste.

*Exit Roge.*

*Wel.* And much speed sir, I hope : certainly I am arrived amongst a Nation of new-found fools, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted wit ; If I had foreseen it, I would have laded my breeches with Bels, Knives, Copper, and glasses, to trade with women for their virginities : yet I fear, I should have betrayed my self to needless charge then : her comes the walking night-cap again.

*Enter Roger.*

*Roger.* Sir, my Ladies pleasure is to see you : who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow, that you must take the pains to come up for so bad entertainment.

*Wel.* I shall obey your Lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Master.

*Rog.* I am but a Batchelor of Art, Sir ; and I have the mending all under his robe, from my Lady on her Down bed, to the Maid in the Beefe Straw.

*Wel.* A Cobler Sir?

*Rog.* No Sir, I do inculcate Divine Homilies within these Walls.

*Wel.* But the inhabitants of this house do often employ you on errands without any scruple of conscience.

*Rog.* Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles for Egges : but why move you that?

*Wel.* To know whether it might become your function, to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

*Rog.* Most properly Sir.

*Wel.* I pray you do so then : and whilst I will attend your Lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

*Rog.* I do sir.

*Wel.* And this door I hope conducts to your Lady?

*Rog.* Your understanding is ingenious.

*Ex. severally.*

*Enter Young Loveless, and Savill, with a Writing.*

*Sav.* By your favour sir, you shall pardon me.

*Yo. Lo.* I shall bear your favour sir, cross me no more ; I say they shall come in.

*Sav.* Sir you forget then who I am?

*Yo. Lo.* Sir, I do not ; thou art my brothers Steward, his cast off Mill-money, his Kitchin Arithmaticke.

*Sav.* Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me?

*Yo. Lo.* I make thee not so little as thou art : for indeed, there

*The Scornfull Lady.*

there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a fair *Imprimis* and then a reasonable *Item*, infus d into him, and the thing is done.

*Sav.* Nay then you stir my duty, and I must tell you.

*Yo. Lo.* What wouldst thou tell me, how Hops grow? or hold some rotten discourse of sheep, or when our Lady-day falls? Prethee farewell, and entertain my friends, be drunke, and burn thy Table-books: and my dear sparke of Velvet, thou and I——

*Sav.* Good sir remember.

*Yo. Lo.* I do remember thee a foolish fellow, one that did put his trust in Almanacks, and Horse fairs, and rose by honey and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

*Sav.* Nay, then I must unfold your Brothers pleasure, these be the Lessons sir, he left behind him.

*Yo. Lo.* Prethee expound the first.

*Sav.* I leave to keep my house three hundred pounds a year, and my Brother to dispose of it.

*Yo. Lo.* Marke that my wicked Steward, and I dispose of it.

*Sav.* Whilst he bears himself like a Gentleman, and my credit falls not in him. Marke that my good young sir, marke that.

*Yo. Lo.* Nay, if it be no more, I shall fulfill it whilst my legs will carry me, Ile bear my self like a Gentleman, but when I am drunke, let them bear that can. Forward dear Steward.

*Sav.* Next it is my will, that he be furnisht (as my Brother) with attendance, apparrel, and the obedience of my people.

*Young. Lo.* Steward this is as plain as your old Minikin Breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified or—— you understand me sir, proceed,

*Sav.* Yet, that my Steward keep his place, and power, and bound my Brothers wildness with his care.

*Young. Lo.* Ile here no more, this is *Apocrypha*, bind it by it self Steward.

*Sav.* This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you. Captains of Gally-foists, such as in a clear day have seen *Callis*, fellows that have no more of God, than their Oaths come to: they wear swords to reach fire at a Play, and get there the oyl end of a pipe for their guerdon; then the remnant of your Regiment, are wealthy Tobacco Merchants, that set up with one ounce, and break for three, together with a forlorn hope of Poets, and all these look like Carthusians, things without linnen. Are these fit company for my Masters Brother?

*Young. Lo.*

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

*Cap.* Merry as mirth, and wine, my lovely *Lovelace*.

*Poet.* A serious look shall be a Jury to excommunicate any man from our company. *Travel.* Will you not talk wisely neither?

*Yo. Lo.* What think you Gentlemen, by all this revenue in drink?

*Cap.* I am all for drink. *Trav.* I am dry till it be so.

*Poet.* He that will not cry *Amen* to this, let him live sober, seem wife, and die o'th *Conum*.

*Yo. Lo.* It shall be so, we'll have it all in drink, let meat and lodging go, th'are transitory, and shew men meerly mortal: then we'll have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every week a fresh one: we'll keep no powdred flesh: all these we have by warrant, under the title of things necessary. Here, upon this place I ground it: the obedience of my people, and all necessities: Your opinions Gentlemen?

*Cap.* Tis plain and evident he meant wenches.

*Sav.* Good sir, let me expound it.

*Cap.* Here be as sound men as your self, to expound it.

*Poet.* This do I hold to be the interpretation of it: in this word necessary, is concluded all that be helps to man; woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

*Yo. Lo.* Believe me, 'tis a learned one, and by these words: The obedience of my people: (you Steward being one) are bound to fetch us wenches.

*Cap.* He is, he is. *Yo. Lo.* Steward, attend us for instructions.

*Sav.* But will you keep no house sir?

*Yo. Lo.* Nothing but drink sir, three hundred pounds in drink.

*Sav.* O miserable house, and miserable I that live to see it! Good sir, some meat.

*Yo. Lo.* Get us good Whores, and for your part, *Savil*, Ile boord you in an Ale-house; you shall have cheese and onions.

*Sav.* What shall become of me, no chimney smoking? Well prodigal, your Brother will come home.

*Exit.*

*Yo. Lo.* Come Lads, Ile warrant you for Wenches, three hundred pounds in drink.

*Omnes.* O brave *Lovelace*. *Exeunt omnes.* *Finis Actus primi.*

### ACTUS 2. SCENA 1.

*Enter Lady, her sister Martha, Welford, Younglove, and others.*

*Lady.* Sir, now see your bad lodging, I must bid you good-night.

*Wel.* If there be any want, 'tis in want of you

*Lady*

*The Scornfull Lady.*

*Young. Lo.* I will either convert thee (*O thou Pagan Steward*) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings, Who's there? Call in the Gentlemen.

*Savil.* Good sir.

*Yo. Lo.* Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

*Savil.* Are you my Masters Brother?

*Yo. Lo.* Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an old *Ephemerides*?

*Enter his Comrades. Captain, Traveller.*

*Savil.* Then God help all, I say.

*Yo. Lo.* I, and 'tis well said, my old Peer of France: welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine own dear Lads y'are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry* Groat.

*Cap.* Sir, I will take your love.

*Sav.* Sir, you will take my purse.

*Cap.* And study to continue it.

*Sav.* I do believe you.

*Travel.* Your honourable friend, and Masters Brother hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hug you, sir.

*Sav.* Has given himself into the hands of Varlets, not to be carv'd out sir, are these the pieces?

*Yo. Lo.* Thy are the Morals of the age, the vertues; Men made of gold. *Sav.* Of your gold you mean sir.

*Yo. Lo.* This is a man of war, and cries go on, and wears his colours.

*Sav.* In's nose.

*Yo. Lo.* In the fragrant field. This is a Traveller sir, knows men and manners, and has plowd up the sea so far, till both the Poles have knockt, has seen the Sun take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his Horses, and their kindes, and had a *Flanders* Mare leapt there.

*Sav:* Tis much:

*Travel:* I have seen more sir:

*Sav:* Tis enough a conscience; sit down and rest you, you are at the end of the world already: Would you had as good a living as this fellow could lie you out of; has a notable gift in't:

*Yo: Lo:* This ministers the smoke, and this the Mules:

*Sav:* And you the clothes, and meate, and money, you have a goodly generation of um, pray let them multiply, your brothers house is big enough; and to say truth, has too much land, hang it dirt.

*Yo: Lo:* Why now thou art a loving stinkard: Fire off thy Annotations, and thy Rent Books, thou hast a weak brain *Savil*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three hundred pound a year; we will be freely merry, shall we not?

*Cap:*

### *The Scornful Lady.*

*Lady.* A little sleep will ease that complaint. Once more good night.

*Wel.* Once more dear Lady, and then all sweet nights.

*Lady.* Dear sir be short and sweet then.

*Wel.* Shall the morrow prove better to me, shall I hope my sure happier by this nights rest?

*Lady.* Is your sure so sickly that rest well help it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for it. Sir, as a stranger you have had all my welcome: but had I known your errand ere you came, your passage had been straighter. Sir, good night. *Exit Lady.*

*Wel.* So fair and cruel! dear unkind, goodnight.

Nay sir, you shall stay with me, Ile press your zeal so far.

*Rog.* O Lord sir.

*Wel.* Do you love *Tobacco*?

*Rog.* Surely I love it, but it loveth not me; yet with your reverence Ile be bold.

*Wel.* Pray light it sir, How do ye like it?

*Rog.* I promise you it is notable stinging geer indeed. It is wet sir, Lord how it brings down rheum.

*Wel.* Handle it again sir, you have a warm text of it.

*Rog.* Thanks ever promised for it: I promise you it is very powerfull, and by a Trope, spirituall; for certainly it moves in sundry places.

*Wel.* I, it does sir, and me especially to aske sir, why you wear a night-cap.

*Rog.* Assuredly I will speak the truth unto you: you shall understand sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; even by that visible beast the Butler.

*Wel.* The Butler? certainly he had all his drinke about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Cassocke? The offence sir?

*Rog.* Reproving him at Tre-trip sir, for swearing; you have the torall surely.

*Wel.* You reprov'd him when his rage was set a tile, and so he crackt your Canons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading: But shall we see these Gentlewomen to night?

*Rog.* Have patience sir, untill our fellow *Nicholas* be deceast; that is, asleep, for so the word is taken: to sleep, to dye, to dye, to sleep, a very figure sir,

*Wel.* Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

*Rog.* No till the man be in his bed, his grave: his grave, his bed: the very same again sir. Our Comicke Poet gives the reason sweetly, *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of loop-holes, and will discover to our Patronesse.

*Wel.*

*The Scornfull Lady.*

*Wel.* Your Comment Sir, hath made me understand you.

*Enter Martha, the Ladies Sister, and Younglove*  
*to them with a Posset.*

*Roger:* Sir be address't, the graces do salute you with a full bowle of plenty. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

*Abig:* Hee's safe.

*Rog:* And does he snore out supinely with the Poet?

*Mar:* No, he out-snores the Poet.

*Wel.* Gentlewoman, this courtesie shall bind a stranger to you, ever your servant.

*Mar:* Sir, my Sisters strictnesse makes not us forget you are a stranger, and a Gentleman:

*Abig:* In sooth Sir, were I chang'd into my Lady, a Gentleman so well endued with parts, should not be lost.

*Wel.* I thank you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you.  
See how this foule familiar chews the Cud: from thee, and three and fifty good Love deliver me.

*Mar.* Will you sit down and take a spoon?

*Wel:* I take it kindly Lady. *Mar.* It is our best banquet sir.

*Rog.* Shall we give thanks?

*Wel.* I have to the Gentlewomen already sir.

*Mar.* Good sir *Roger* keep that breath to coole your part o'th Posset; you may chance have a scalding zeale else: and you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to your selfe: Would you could like this sir.

*Wel.* I would your Sister would like me as well Lady.

*Mar.* Sure sir, she would not eat you: but banish that imagination; she's onely wedded to her self, lies with her self, and loves her self: and for another husband then her self, he may knock at the gate, but nere come in: be wise sir, she's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the least of which is, she cannot love you.

*Abig.* God pardon her, shee'l doe worse, would I were worthy his least grief Mistresse *Martha*.

*Wel.* Now I must over-hear her.

*Mar.* Faith would thou hadst them all with all my heart;  
I doe not think they would make thee a day older.

*Abig.* Sir, will you put in deeper, 'tis the sweeter.

*Mar.* Well said old sayings.

*Welford.* She looks like one. Gentlewoman you keep your word, your sweet self has made the bottome sweeter.



## *The Scornfull Lady.*

*Abig.* Sir, I begin a frolick, dare you change sir?

*Wel.* My self for you, so please you. That smile hath turn'd my stomach: This is right the old Embleme of the Moyle cropping of Thistles: Lord what a hunting head she carries, sure she has beene ridden with a Martingale. Now Love deliver mee.

*Rog.* Do I dream or do I awake? surely I know not: am I rub'd off, is this the way of all my Morning Prayers? Oh *Roger*, thou art but grasse, and woman as a flower. Did I for this consume my quarters in meditations, vows, and wooed her in Heroicall Epistles? Did I expound the Owle, and undertooke with labour and experience the collection of those thousand' pieces, consum'd in Cellars and Tobacco-shops, of that our honoured Englishman *N. B.* have I done this, and am I done thus to? I will end with the Wise man, and say, He that holds a woman, has an Eele by the taile.

*Mar.* Sir 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our Posset) by this is grown so cold, that 'twere an unmanly part longer to hold you from your rest: let what the house has be at your command sir.

*Wel.* Sweet rest be with you Lady; and to you what you desire too.

*Abig.* It should be some such good thing like your self then.

*Wel.* Heaven keep me from that curse, and all my issues.  
Good night Antiquarie. *Exeunt*

*Rog.* *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.* But I alone.

*Wel.* Learned sir, will you bid my man come to me? and requesting a greater measure of your Learning, good night, good Master *Roger*.

*Rog.* Good sir, peace be with you.

*Exit Roger*

*Wel.* Adieu dear *Domine*. Half a dozen such in a Kingdom would make a man forswear confession: for who that had but half his wits about him, would commit the counsel of a serious sin to such a cruel night-cap?

Why how now shall we have an Antique? *Enter Ser.*

Whose head do you carry upon your shoulders, that you jole it so against the Post? Is't for your ease? Or have you seen the Seller? Where are my slippers sir?

*Ser.* Here sir.

*Wel.* Where sir? have you got the pot verdugo? have you seen the horses sir?

*Ser.* Yes sir.

*Wel.* Have they any meat?

*Ser.* Faith sir, they have a kind of wholesome Rushes, Hay I cannot call it. *Wel.*



## *The Scornfull Lady.*

*Wel.* And no Provender ?

*Ser.* Sir, so I take it.

*Wel.* You are merry sir, and why so ?

*Ser.* Faith sir, here are no Oats to be got, unless you'l have um in porridge, the people are so mainly given to spoon-meat : yonders a cast of Coachmares of the Gentlewomans, the strangest cattel!

*Wel.* Why ?

*Ser.* Why, they are transparent sir ; you may see through them, and such a house.

*Wel.* Come sir, the truth of your discovery.

*Ser.* Sir, they are in tribes like Jewes : the Kirchin and the Dairie make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves ; the Buttery and the Landry are another, and there's no love lost ; the Chambers are entire, and what's done there, is somewhat higher then my knowledge : but this I am sure between these copulations, a stranger is kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drink sir.

*Wel.* What of that sir ?

*Ser.* Faith sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling Julip, of which three spoonfulls kills the Calenture, a pint breeds the cold passie.

*Wel.* Sir, you bely the house.

*Ser.* I would I did sir. But as I am a true man, if 't were but one degree colder, nothing but an Asses hoof would hold it.

*Wel.* I am glad on't sir, for if it had proved stronger, you had been tongue-tide of these commendations. Light me the candle sir, Ile hear no more.

*Enter young Lovelesse, and his Cowrades, with wenches, and two Fidlers.*

*To. Lo.* Come my brave man of war, trace out my Darling :

And you my learned Councell, set and turn boyes :

Kisse till the Cow come home, kisse close, kisse close knaves.

My Modern Poet, thou shalt kiss in couplets. *Enter with wine*

Strike up you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping.

This is no pay for Fidlers.

*Cap.* O my dear Boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captain makes thee his *Hilas*, his delight, his solace.

Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty

Clap him in *Shamois* : Let there be deducted out of our main pota-

Five marks in hatchments to adorn this thigh, *(tion,*

Crampt with this rest of peace, and I will fight

Thy Battels

C 2

*To. Lo.*

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

*Young Lo.* Thou shalt hav't boy, and flie in Feather :  
Lead on a March you Michers.

*Enter Savil.*

*Savil.* O my head, O my heart, what a noise and change is here? would I had been cold i'th mouth before this day, and nere have liv'd to see this dissolution. He that lives within a mile of this place, had as good sleep in the perpetual noise of an iron Mill. There's a dead sea of drink i'th Cellar, in which goodly vessels lie wrack't, and in the middle of this deluge appears the tops of Flagons and black Jacks, like Churches drown'd i'th Marshes.

*Yo. Lo.* What art thou come? My sweet fir *Amias*, welcome to *Troy*. Come, thou shalt kiss my *Hellen*, and court her in a dance.

*Savil.* Good fir consider.

*Yo. Lo.* Shall we consider Gentlemen? How say you?

*Cap.* Consider, that were a simple toy y'faith, consider! whose Moral's that? The man that cries consider is our foe: let my steel know him.

*Yo. Lo.* Stay thy dead doing hand, he must not die yet: prethee be calm my Hector.

*Cap.* Peasant, slave: thou groome, compos'd of grudgings, live and thank this Gentleman, thou hadst seene *Pluto* else. The next consider kills thee.

*Trav.* Let him drink down his word again in a gallon of Sack.

*Poet.* 'Tis but a snuff, make it two gallons, and let him doe it kneeling in repentance.

*Savil.* Nay rather kill me, there's but a lay-man lost. Good Captain do your office.

*Yo. Lo.* Thou shalt drink Steward, drink and dance my steward. Strike him a horn-pipe squeakers, take thy striver, and pace her till she strew.

*Savil.* Sure fir I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for me, pray break my head, and let me go.

*Cap.* He shall dance, he shall dance.

*Yo. Lo.* He shall dance, and drink, and be drunk, and dance, and be drunk again: and shall see no meat in a year.

*Poet.* And three quarters.

*Yo. Lo.* And three quarters be it.

*Cap.* Who knocks there? Let him in.

*Enter Elder Lovelesse disguis'd.*

*Savil.* Some to deliver me I hope.

*El. Lo.* Gentlemen, God save you all, my business is to one Master Lovelesse.

*Cap.*

*The Scornfull Lady.*

*Cap.* This is the Gentleman you mean, view him, and take his Inventory, he's a right one.

*El. Lo.* He promises no lesse fir.

*Yo. Lo.* Sir, your businesse?

*El. Lo.* Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loath, yet I am sworm to't, would some other tongue would speak it for me.

*Yo. Lo.* Out with it a Gods name.

*El. Lo.* All I desire fir is, the patience and sufferance of a man, and good fir be not mov'd more.

*Yo. Lo.* Then a pottle of sack will doe, here's my hand, prethee thy businesse?

*El. Lo.* Good fir excuse me, and whatsoever you heare, thinke must have been known unto you, and be your self discreet, and bear it nobly.

*Yo. Lo.* Prethee dispatch me.

*El. Lo.* Your Brother's dead fir.

*Yo. Lo.* Thou dost not mean dead drunk.

*El. Lo.* No, no, dead, and drown'd at Sea fir.

*Yo. Lo.* Art sure he's dead?

*El. Lo.* Too sure fir.

*Yo. Lo.* I but art thou very certainly sure of it?

*El. Lo.* As sure fir, as I tell it.

*Yo. Lo.* But art thou sure he came not up again?

*El. Lo.* He may come up, but nere to call you Brother.

*Yo. Lo.* But art sure he had water enough to drown him?

*El. Lo.* Sure fir, he wanted none.

*Yo. Lo.* I would not have him want, I lov'd him better; here I forgive thee: and I faith be plain, how do I bear it?

*El. Lo.* Very wisely fir.

*Yo. Lo.* Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me mov'd, these transitory royes nere trouble me, he's in a better place, my friend I know't. Some fellows would have cry'd now, and have curst thee, and faln out with their meat, & kept a pudder; but all this helps nor, he was too good for us, and let God keep him: there's the right use on't friend. Off with thy drink, thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry; fill him another. *Savil*, your Masters dead, and who am I now *Savill*? Nay, lets all beare it well; wipe *Savill*, wipe, teares are but thrown away: we shall have wenches now, shall we not *Savill*?

*Savill.* Yes fir.

*Yo. Lo.* And drink innumerable?

*Savill.* Yes forsooth fir.

*Yo. Lo.* And youle straine cursie, and be drunk a tittle.

*Savill.* I will strive fir to do my weak endeavour:

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

*Young Lo.* You may be brought in time to love a wench too:

*Savil.* In time the sturdy Oake fir.

*Young Lo.* Some more wine for my friend there.

*El. Lo.* I shall be drunk anon for my good newes; but I have a loving brother, that's my comfort.

*Young Lo.* Here's to you fir, this is the worst I wish you for your news: and if I had another elder brother, and say it were his chance to feed Haddockes, I should be still the same you see mee now, a poor contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, hee's dry again.

*El. Lo.* I shall be if I follow this beginning. Well my dear brother, if I scape this drowning, 'tis your turn next to sink, you shall duck twice before I help you. Sir, I cannot drink more: pray you let me have your pardon.

*Young Lo.* O Lord fir, 'tis your modesty: more wine, give him a bigger glass; hug him my Captain, thou shalt be my chief Mourner.

*Capt.* And this my penon; Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

*El. Lo.* I feel a buzzing in my brains, pray God I bear this out, and Ile nere trouble them so far again: Here's to you fir.

*Young Lo.* To my dear Steward, down a your knees you Infidel, you Pagan, be drunk and penitent.

*Savil.* Forgive me fir, and Ile be any thing.

*Young Lo.* Then be a Bawd, Ile have thee a brave Bawd.

*El. Lo.* Sir, I must take my leave of you, my business is so urgent.

*Yo. Lo.* Let's have a bridling catt before you go. Fil's a new sloop.

*El. Lo.* I dare not fir, by no means.

*Young Lo.* Have you any mind to a wench? I would fain gratifie you for the pains you took fir.

*El. Lo.* As little as to the rother.

*Young Lo.* If you find any stirring, do but say so.

*El. Lo.* Sir, you are too bounteous; when I feel that itching, you shall assuage it fir, before another; this onely, and farewell fir: Your brother when the storm was most extreame, told all about him, he left a Will which lies close behind a chimney in the Matted Chamber: And so as well fir, as you have made me able, I take my leave.

*Young Lo.* Let us embrace him all, if you grow dry before you end your business, pray take a bait here, I have a fresh Hoggs-head for your.

*Savil.*

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

*Sav.* You shall neither will nor chooe fir. My master is a wonderfull fine Gentleman, has a fine stare, a very fine stare fir, I am his Steward fir, and his Man.

*El. Lo.* Would you were your own fir, as I left you. Well, I must cast about, or all sinkes.

*Sav.* Farewell, Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

*Eld. Lo.* What would you with me fir?

*Sav.* Farewell Gentleman.

*El.* O sleep fir, sleep.

*Exit Eld. Love.*

*To. Lo.* Well-boyes, you see what's faine, let's in and drink, and give thanks for it.

*Sav.* Let's in and drink, and give thanks for it.

*Young Lo.* D.unk as I live. *Sav.* Drunk as I live boyes.

*Young Lo.* Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast up a reckoning of some weight; I will be knighted, for my state will beare it, 'tis sixteen hundred boyes: Off with your huskes, Ile skin you all in Sattin. *Cap.* O sweet *Lovelys*.

*Sav.* All in Sattin? O sweet *Lovelys*!

*To. Lo.* March in my noble Compeeres: and this my Countesse shall be led by two: and so proceed we to the will. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Morecraft the Usurer, and Widow.*

*Mor.* And Widow, as I say, be you your own friend; your Husband left you wealthy, I and wife, continue so sweet duck, continue so. Take heed of young smooth varlers, younger brothers: they are wormes that will eat through your bagges: they are very Lightning, that with a flash or two will melt your money, and never singe your purse-strings: they are Colts, wench; Colts, heady and dangerous, till we take um up, and make um fit for bonds: look upon me, I have had, and have yet matter of moment Girle, matter of moment you may meet with a worse back, I'll not commend it.

*Wid.* Nor I neither fir.

*Mor.* Yet thus far by your favour Widow, tis tuffe.

*Wid.* And therefore not for my diet, for I love a tender one.

*Mor.* Sweet widow, leave your frumps, and be edified: you know my state, I sell no Perspectives, Scarfes, Gloves, nor Hangers, nor put my trust in shooe-ties; and where your husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dreg'd with meal, and powdered Sugar, Saunders, and graines, worm-seed, and rotten Reasons, and such vile Tobacco, that made the footmen mangle; I, in a yeare have put up hundreds inclos'd: my Widow those pleasant Meadows, by a forfeit Morgage: for which the poor Knight takes alone Chamber, owes for

### *The Scornfull Lady.*

for his Ale, and dare not beat his Hostesse : Nay more——

*Wid.* Good sir no more, what e're my husband was, I know what I am, and if you marry me, you must beare it bravely off sir.

*Mor.* Not with the head, sweet Widow.

*Wid.* No sweet sir, but with your shoulders : I must have you dub'd, for under that I will not stoop a feather. My husband was a fellow lov'd to toyle, fed ill, made gain his exercise, and so grew coſtly, which for I was his wife, and gave way to, and spun mine own smocks course, and sir, so little : but let that passe; Time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband, who in patience of such fruitles five years marriage, left me great with his wealth, which if youle be a worthy Gossip to, be knighted fir. *Enter Savill.*

*More.* Now sir, from whence come you? whose man are you sir?

*Savill.* Sir, I come from young Master Lovelesse.

*More.* Be silent sir, I have no mony, not a peny for you, he's sunk, your masters sunk, a perish man fir.

*Savill.* Indeed his brother's sunk fir, God be with him, a perish't man indeed, and crown'd at Sea.

*More.* How sayst thou, good my friend, his brother drown'd?

*Savill.* Uncimely fir, at Sea.

*More.* And thy young Master left sole heire? *Savill.* Yes fir.

*Savill.* And he wants money

*More.* Yes, and sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

*Savill.* Widow be wise, there's more land comming, widow be very wise, and give thanks for me Widow.

*Wid.* Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me fir.

*Sav.* What sayes your worship to this money?

*More.* I say he may have the money if he please.

*Sav.* A thousand fir.

*More.* A thousand fir, provided my wife fir, his land lie for the payment, otherwise——

*Enter young Lovelesse, and Comrades to them.*

*Savill.* Here's here himself fir, and can better tell you.

*More.* My notable deare friend, and worthy Master Lovelesse, and now right worshipful, all joy and welcome.

*Yo. Lo.* Thanks to my dear incloser, Master Morecraft, prethee old Angel gold, salure my family, He do as much for thine this and your own desires, fair Gentlewoman.

*Wid.* And yours fir, If you mean : 'tis a handsome Gentleman.

*Yo. Lo.* Sirrah, my brother dead.

*More.*

*The Scornfull Lady.*

*More.* Dead!

*Yo. Lo.* Dead, and by this time souff for Ember week.

*More.* Dead!

*Yo. Lo.* Drown'd, drown'd at Sea man! by the next fresh Conger that comes, we shall hear more.

*More.* Now by the faith of my body it moves me much.

*Yo. Lo.* What, wilt thou be an Ass, and weep for the dead? why, I thought nothing but a general inundation would have mov'd thee; prethee be quiet, he hath left his land behind him.

*More.* O has he so?

*Yo. Lo.* Yes faith, I thank him for't, I have all boy, hast any ready money?

*More.* Will you sell sir?

*Yo. Lo.* No, not out-right, good Gripe; marry, a Mortgage, or such a slight security.

*More.* I have no money fit for Mortgage; if you will sell, and all or none, i'll work a new Mine for you.

*Savill.* Good Sir look afore you, he'll work you out of all else: if you sell your Land, you have sold your Country, and then you must to Sea, to seek your Brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering Tub, and break your teeth with Biskets, and hard Beef; that must have watering sir, and where's your 300 pounds a year in drink then? If you'll turn up the straights, you may; for you have no calling for drink there, but with a Cannon; nor no scoring, but on your ships sides, and then if you scape with life, and take a faggot Boat, and a bottle of *Usguebaugh*, come home poor men, like a type of Thames-street, stinking of pitch and poor *John*. I cannot tell sir, I would be loath to see it.

*Cap.* Steward, you are an Ass, a meazel'd mungrel, and were it not against the peace of my sovereign friend here, I would break your fore-casting coxcomb, dogg I would even with thy staffe of Office there, thy pen and ink-horn. Noble boy, the God of gold here has fed thee well, take money for thy durt: hark and beleve, thou art cold of constitution, thy seate unhealthful, sell and be wise; we are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own heart childe: mirth shall be onely ours, and onely ours shall be the black-ey'd beauties of the time. Money makes men immortal.

*Poet.* Do what you will, 'tis the noblest course, then you must



## *The Scornfull Lady.*

live without the charge of people, onely we four will make a Family; I, and an age that will beget new *Annals*, in which Ile write thy life, my son of pleasure, equal with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

*To. Lo.* What men were they Captain?

*Cap.* Two roaring boyes of *Rome*, that made all split.

*To. Lo.* Come sir, what dare you give?

*Sa.* You will not sell sir? *To. Lo.* Who told you so sir?

*Sa.* Good sir, have a care.

*To. Lo.* Peace, or I'll tack your tongue up to your roose. What money? speak. *More.* Six thousand pounds sir.

*Cap.* Take it, h'as overbidden by this hand: binde him to his bargain quickly.

*To. Lo.* Come strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings.

*More.* There is six Angels in earnest.

*Sav.* Sir, for my old Masters sake, let my Farm be excepted, If I become his Tenant, I am undone, my children, beggars, and my wife God knows what: consider me dear sir.

*Adore.* Ile have all or none.

*To. Lo.* All in, all in, dispatch the writings. *Exit with Com.*

*Wid.* Goe, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow, would thou wert wiser.

*Sav.* Now do I sensibly begin to feeble my selfe a Rascal: would I could teach a Schoole, or begge, or lye well, I am utterly undone; now he that taught thee to deceive and couzen, take thee to his mercy. *Exit Savil.*

*More.* Come Widow, come, never stand upon a Knight-hood, 'tis a meere paper honour, and not prooffe enough for a Sergeant. Come, come, I'll make thee —

*Wid.* To answer in short, 'tis this sir, no Knight, no Widow, if you make me any thing, it must be a Lady: And so I take my leave.

*More.* Farewell sweet Widow, and think of it. *(Exit Widore)*

*Wid.* Sir, I do more than think of it, it makes me dream sir.

*More.* She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: and say I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the Trumpets, I and the Horse-men too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then; then am I hoist into the Subsidy, and so by consequence should prove a Coxcomb: I'll have a care of that. Six thousand pound, and then the hand is mine: there's some refreshing yet. *Exit.*

*Finis Actus secundi.*

ACT. 3.

*The Scornfull Lady.*

ACT. 3. SCENA 1.

*Enter Abigail, and drops her Glove.*

*Abig.* If he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me he's man enough, up goes my rest, and I know I shall draw him.

*Wel.* This is the strangest pamp'rd peece of flesh toward fifty, that ever frailty copt withal, what a trim *senoy* here she has put upon me : these women are a proud kinde of Cattel, and love this Whorson doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins Bawds to their flesh. Here's Dogskin and storax sufficient to kill a Hawke : what to do with it, beside nailing it up amongst *Irish* heads of Teere, to shew the mightiness of her palme, I know not : there shes is, I must enter into Dialogue. Lady, you have lost your glove.

*Abig.* No sir, if you have found it.

*Welf.* It was my meaning, Lady, to restore it.

*Abig.* It will be uncivill in me to take back a favour Fortune hath so well bestowed sir, pray weare it for me.

*Wel.* I had rather weare a Bell. But hark you Mistressse, what hidden vertue is there in this Glove, that you would have mee weare it ? Is't good against sore eyes, or will it charme the tooth-ake ? Or these red tops being steep't in white Wine soluble, wil't kill the itch ? Or has it so conceal'd a providence to keep my hand from bonds ? If it have none of these, and prove no more but a bare glove of half a Crown a paire, 'twill be but a halfe court-gie, I weare two alwayes : faith let's draw cuts, one will do mee no pleasure.

*Abig.* The tendernefs of his yeares keeps him as yet in ignorance, hee's a well moulded fellow, and I wonder his blood should stire no higher : but 'tis his want of company, I must grow neerer to him.

*Enter elder Loveless disguised.*

*Eld. Lov.* God save you both.

*Abig.* And pardon you Sir : This is somewhat rude, how came you hither ?

*El. Lo.* Why through the doores, they are open.

*Welf.* What are you, and what business have you here ?

*El. Lo.* More I beleeeve then you have.

*Abig.* Who would this fellow speak with ? Art thou sober ?

*Eld. Lo.* Yes, I come not here to sleep.

*The Scornfull Lady.*

*Wel.* Prethee what art thou ?

*El. Lo.* As much (gay man) as thou art ; I am a Gentleman.

*Wel.* Art thou no more ?

*El. Lo.* Yes, more then thou dar'lt be, a Souldier.

*Abig.* Thou dost not come to quarrel.

*Eld. Lo.* No, not with women; I come here to speak with a Gentlewoman.

*Abig.* Why I am one.

*El. Lo.* But not with one so gentle.

*Wel.* This is a fine fellow.

*El. Lo.* Sir, I am not fine yet I, am but new come over, direct mee with your ticket to your Taylor, and then I shall be fine sir. Lady, if there be a better of your sex within this house, I say I would see her:

*Abig.* Why am not I good enough for you sir ?

*El. Lo.* Your way you'l be too good, pray end my business. This is another Sutor. O frail Woman !

*Wel.* This fellow with his bluntness hopes to do more then the long sures of a thousand could ; though he be slowe he's quick , I must not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to speak with you, shee is more serious : you smell as if you were new calkt, go and be handsome, and then you may sit with the Serving-men.

*El. Lo.* What are you sir ?

*Wel.* Troth guessse by my outside.

*El. Lo.* Then I take you sir for some new sicken thing wean'd from the Countrey , that shalt (when you come to keep good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray good proud Gentlewomen help me to your Mistresse.

*Ab.* How many lives hast thou, that thou talkst thus rudely ?

*El. Lo.* But one, one, I am neither Cat nor Woman.

*Wel.* And will that one life sir maintain you ever in such bold sawcinesse ?

*El. Lo.* Yes, amongst a Nation of such men as you are, and be no worse for wearing. Shall I speak with this Lady ?

*Abig.* No by my troth shall you nor.

*El. Lo.* I must stay here then.

*Wel.* That you shall not neither:

*El. Lo.* Good fine thing tell me why.

*Wel.* Good angry thing Ile tell you :

This is no place for such companions,  
Such lousy Gentlemen shall finde their business

Better

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

Better i'th Suburbs, there your strong pitch perfume,  
Mingled with Ices of Ale, shall reeke in tashion:  
This is no Thames street fir.

*Abig.* This Gentleman informs you truly.  
Prethee be satisfied, and seek the Suburbs.  
Good Captain, or what ever title else,  
The warlike Eel-boats have bestowed upon thee,  
Go and reform thy self, prethee be sweeter.  
And know my Lady speaks with no such swabbers.

*El. Lo.* You cannot talk me out with your tradition  
Of wit you pick from Plays, go too, I have found ye:  
And for you, tender fir, whose gentle blood  
Runs in your Nose, and makes you snuff at all,  
But three pil'd people, I do let you know  
He that begot your Worships Sattin sure,  
Can make no men fir; I will see this Lady,  
And with the reverence of your Silkenship,  
In these old Ornaments.

*Wel.* You will not sure.

*El. Lo.* Sure fir I shall.

*Abig.* You would be beaten out.

*El. Lo.* Indeed I would not, or if I would be beaten,  
Pray who shall beat me? This good Gentleman  
Looks as he were o'th peace.

*Wel.* Sir, you shall see that: will you get you out?

*El. Lo.* Yes that, that shall correct your boyes tongue.  
Dare you fight? I will stay here still.

*They draw.*

*Abig.* O their things are out, help, help, for Gods sake.  
Madam, they foine at one another:

Madam, why who is within there?

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* Who breeds this rudeness? *Wel.* This uncivil fellow.  
He says he comes from Sea, where I beleeve  
H'as purg'd away his manners.

*Lady.* Why, what of him?

*Wel.* Why he will rudely without once God blesse you,  
Presse to your privacies, and no deniall  
Must stand betwixt your person and his business;  
I let go his ill language.

*Lady.* Sir, have you business with me?

*El. Lo.* Madam, some I have,

*But*

### *The Scornfull Lady.*

But none so serious to pawn my life for't :  
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you  
Such Knights o'th *Sun* as this is, to defie  
Men of employment to ye, you may live,  
But in what Fame ?

*La.* Pray stay Sir, who has wrong'd you ?

*El. Lo.* Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly  
He flung his wild words at me : But to you  
I think he did no honour, to deny  
The haste I come withal, a passage to you,  
Though I seem coarse.

*La.* Excuse me gentle sir, 'twas from my knowledge,  
And shall have no protection. And to you Sir,  
You have shew'd more heat then wit, and from your self  
Have borrowed power I never gave you here,  
To do these vild unmanly things; my house  
Is no blind street to swagger in ; and my favours  
Not doring yet on your unknown defects  
So far, that I should make you Master of my business:  
My credit yet stands fairer with the people  
Then to be ride with swords ; And they that comes  
To do me service, must not think to win me  
With a hazard of a murder ; if your love  
Consist in fury, carry it to the Camp,  
And there in honour of some common Mistress,  
Shorten your youth : I pray be better temper'd,  
And give me leave a while sir.

*Wil.* You must have it.

*Exit Welford.*

*La.* Now Sir, your business.

*El. Lo.* First, I thank you for schooling this young fellow.  
Whom his own follies, which are prone enough  
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,  
Shall level him a way to his repentance:  
Next, I should raile at you, but you are a woman,  
And anger's lost upon you.

*La.* Why at me sir ?

I never did you wrong, for to my knowledge,  
This is the first sight of you.

*El. Lo.* You have done that,  
I must confess I have the least share in,

Because

*The Scornfull Lady.*

Because the least acquaintance: But there be  
(If there be honour in the minds of men)  
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliver,  
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame  
Blast your black memorie.

*La.* How is this good sir?

*El. Lo.* 'Tis that, that if you have a soul, will choak it:  
Y'ave kil'd a Gentleman: *La.* I kild a Gentleman?

*El. Lo.* You and your cruelty have kil'd him woman,  
And such a man (let me be angry in't,)  
Whose least worth weigh'd above all womens vertues  
That are: I spare you all to come too: guesse him now.

*La.* I am so innocent; I cannot sir.

*El. Lo.* Repent you mean, are you a perfect woman;  
And as the first was, made for mans undoing?

*La.* Sir, you have mist your way, I am not she.

*El. Lo.* Would he had mist his way too, though he had  
Wandred farther then women are ill spoken of,  
So he had mist this miserie, you Lady.

*La.* How do you do Sir?

*El. Lo.* Well enough I hope,  
While I can keep my self out from temptation.

*La.* Pray leap into the matter, whither would ye?

*El. Lo.* You had a Servant that your peevishness  
Injoyn'd to travaile. *La.* Such a one I have  
Still, and should be griev'd 'twere otherwise.

*El. Lo.* Then have your asking, and be griev'd, he's dead;  
How you will answer for his worth, I know not,  
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both,  
Were stark mad, else he might have liv'd,  
To have given a stronger testimony to th'world,  
Of what he might have been. He was a man,  
I knew but in his evening, ten Suns after,  
Forc'd by tyrant storm, our beaten Bark  
Bulg'd under us: in which sad parting blow,  
He cal'd upon his Saint, but not for life,  
On you unhappy woman, and whilst all  
Sought to preserve their soules, he desperately  
Imbrac'd a wave, crying to all that saw it;  
If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me,

*The Scornfull Lady.*

To this untimely end, and make her happy :  
His name was *Loveless*, And I scap't the storm,  
And now you have my business. *La.* 'Tis too much.

Would I had been that storm, he had not perisht.

If you'll raile now, I will forgive you sir.

Or if you'll call in more, if any more

Come from his ruine, I shall justly suffer

What they can say, I do confesse my self

A guilty cause in this. I would say more,

But grief is grown too great to be delivered.

*El. Lo.* I like this well : these women are strange things,

'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep :

You should have wept when he was going from you,

And chain'd him with these tears at home.

*La.* Would you had told me then so, these two armes had been  
his Sea.

*El. Lo.* Trust me, you move me much : but say he lived, these  
were forgotten things again.

*La.* I say you so? Sure I should know that voice : this is knave-  
ry, He fit you for it : Were he living sir, I would perswade you to be  
charitable, I, and confesse we are not all so ill, as your opinion  
holds us. Oh my friend, what pennance shall I put upon my fault,  
upon my most unworthy self for this?

*El. Lo.* Leave them to others, 'twas some jealousie,  
That turn'd him desperate.

*La.* He be with you strait : are you wrung there?

*El. Lo.* This works amain upon her.

*La.* I do confesse there is a Gentleman,  
Has born me long good will. *El. Lo.* I do not like that.

*La.* And vowed a thousand services to me; to me, regardless of  
him : But since Fate, that no power can withstand, has taken from  
me my first, and best love, and to weep away my youth is a  
meere folly, I will shew you what I determine sir : you shall know  
all : Call Mr. *Welford* there : That Gentleman I mean to make  
the modell of my Fortunes, and in his chaste embraces, keepe a-  
live the memory of my lost lovely *Loveless* : he is somewhat like  
him too.

*El. Lo.* Then you can love?

*La.* Yes certainly sir,  
Though it please you to think me hard and cruel,  
I hope I shall perswade you otherwise.

*El. Lo.*



*The Scornfull Lady.*

*El. lo.* I have made my self a fine fool. *Enter Welford.*

*Wel.* Would you have spoken with me Madam?

*La.* Yes, *M. Welf* and I ask you pardon before this Gentleman, for being forward: this kifs, and henceforth more affection.

*El. lo.* So, tis better I were drown'd indeed.

*Wel.* This is a sudden passion, God hold it.

This fellow out of his fear, sure has  
Perswaded her. Ile give him a new suit on't.

*La.* A parting kifs, and good fir, let me pray you  
To wait me in the Gallerie:

*Wel.* I am in another world, Madam where you please. *Ex. Welf.*

*El. lo.* I will to Sea, an't shall go hard but Ile be drown'd indeed.

*La.* Now fir you see I am no such hard hearted creature,  
But time may win me.

*El. lo.* You have forgot your lost love.

*La.* Alas fir, what would you have me to do? I cannot call him  
back again with sorrow; Ile love this man as dearly, and bestrow  
me, Ile keep him far enough from Sea; and 'twas told me, now I  
remember me, by an old wise woman, that my first love should be  
drown'd, and see tis come about.

*El. lo.* I would she had told you your second should be hang'd  
too, and let that come about: but this is very strange.

*La.* Faith fir, consider all, and then I know you'll be of my mind:  
If weeping could redeem him, I would weep still.

*El. lo.* But say that I were *Loveless*,  
And scap'd the storm, how would you answer this?

*La.* Why, for that Gentleman I would leave all the world.

*El. lo.* This young thing too?

*La.* This young thing too.

Or any young thing else: why, I would lose my state.

*El. lo.* Why then he lives still; I am he, your *Loveless*

*La.* Alas I knew it fir, and for that purpose prepared this Page-  
ant: get you to your taske, and leave these Players trickes, or I  
shall leave you indeed, I shall. Travel, or know me not.

*El. lo.* Will you then marry?

*La.* I will not promise, take your choice. Farevvell.

*El. lo.* There is no other Purgatorie but a woman:  
I must do something

*Exit Loveless.*

*Wel.* Mistress I am bold,

*Enter Welford.*

*La.* You are indeed.

*Wel:* You so over-joyed me Ladie:

E

La:

*The Scornfull Lady.*

*La.* Take heed you surfet not, pray fast and welcome.

*Wel.* By this light you love me extreemly.

*La.* By this light and to morrowes light, I care not for you.

*Wel.* Come, come, you cannot hide it.

*La.* Indeed I can, where you shall never finde it.

(on't

*Wel.* I like this mirth well Lady.

*La.* You shall have more

*Wel.* I must kiss you.

*La.* No sir.

*Wel.* Indeed I must.

*La.* What must be, must be: Ile take my leave, you have your parting blow: I pray commend me to those few friends you have, that sent you hither, and tell them, when you travel next, 'twere fit you brought less bravery with you, and more wit, you'l never get a wife else.

*Wel.* Are you in earnest?

*La.* Yes faith. Will you eat sir? your Horses will be ready straight, you shall have a napkin laid in the Buttery for ye.

*Wel.* Do not you love me then?

*La.* Yes, for that face.

*Wel.* It is a good one Lady?

*La.* Yes, if it were not warpt, the fire in time may mend it.

*Wel.* Me thinks yours is none of the best Lady.

*La.* No by your troth sir, yet o'my conscience You would make shift with it.

*Wel.* Come pray no more of this,

*La.* I will not. Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? Bring out the Gentlemans horses, he's in haste; and set some cold meat on the Table.

*Wel.* I have too much of that I thank you Lady: take your chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you Lady.

*La.* Farewell young man.

*Exit Lady.*

*Wel.* You have made me one, Farewell: and may the curse of a great house fall upon thee, I mean the Butler. The Devil and all his workes are in these women, would all of my sex were of my mind, we would make um a new Leut, and a long one, that flesh might be in more reverence with them.

*Enter Abigail to him.*

*Ab.* I am sorry M. Welford

*Wel.* So am I that thou art here,

*Ab.* How does my Lady use you?

*Wel.* As I would use thee,

*Ab.* I should have been more kinde sir.

(scurvily

*Wel.* I should have been undone then, Pray leave me, and look to your sweet meats; harke your Lady calls.

*Ab.* Sir, I shall borrow so much time without offence.

*Wel.* Thou art nothing but offence, for loves sakes leave me.

*Ab.* Tis strange my Lady should be such a tyrant.

*Wel.*

*The Scornfull Lady.*

*Well.* To send you to me, pray go stich, good do, y'are more trouble to me than a Term.

*Abig.* I do not know how my good will, if I said love, I lyed not, should any way deserve this.

*Well.* A thousand wayes, a thousand wayes; sweet creature let me depart in peace. *Ab.* What creature sir? I hope I am a woman.

*Well.* A hundred I think by your noise.

*Ab.* Since you are angry sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a woman and a rib. *Well.* Of a rosted horse. *Abi.* Consterme that.

*Well.* A Dog can do it better; Farewell Countesse, and commend me to your Lady, tell her she's proud and scurvie, and so I commit you both to your temper. *Ab.* Sweet Mr. *Welford.*

*Wel.* Avoid old *Satanus*: Go daub your ruines, thy face looks fouler than a storm: the Footman stayes you in the Lobby Lady.

*Ab.* If you were a Gentleman, I should know it by your gentle conditions: are these fit words to give a Gentlewoman?

*Wel.* As fit as they were made for ye: Sirrah, my horses, Farewell old Adage, keep your nose warm, the Rheume will make it horn else.

*Exit Welford.*

*Ab.* The blessings of a prodigall young heir be thy companion *Welford*, marry come up my Gentleman, are your gums grown so tender they cannot bite? A skittish Fillie will be your fortune *Welford*, and fair enough for such a pack saddle. And I doubt not (if my aim hold) to see her made to amble to your hand. *Exit Abigail:*

*Enter young Loveless and Comrades, Morecraft, Widow, Savill, and the rest.*

*Cap.* Save thy brave shoulder, my young puissant Knight, and may thy back-sword bite them to the bone, that love thee not, thou art an errant man, go on. The circumcis'd shall fall by thee. Let land and labour fill the man that tills, thy sword must be thy Plow, and *Jove* it speed. *Mecha* shall sweat, and *Mahomet* shall fall; and thy dear name fill up his Monument.

*Yo. Lo.* It shall Captain, I mean to be a Worthy.

*Cap.* One Worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

*More.* Captain I shall deserve some of your love too; I hope.

*Cap.* Thou shalt have heart and hand too, noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend me money. I am a man of Garrison, be bold, and open to me those infernal gates, whence none of thy evil Angels passe again, and I will stile thee noble, nay *Don Diego*, Ile wooe thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.

### *The Scornfull Lady.*

*More.* Pardon me Captain, y<sup>e</sup>re beside my meaning.

*To. lo.* No, M. *Morecraft*, tis the Captains meaning I should prepare her for ye.

*Cap.* Or provoke her.

Speak my modern man, I say provoke her.

*Post.* Captain, I say so too, or stir her to it. So say the Criticks.

*To. lo.* But howsoever you expound it sir, she's very welcome, and this shall serve for witness. And widow, since y<sup>e</sup>re come so happily, you may deliver up the Keyes, and free possession of this house, whilst I stand by to ratifie.

*Wid.* I had rather give it back again believe me.

Tis a misery to say you had it. Take heed.

*To. lo.* Tis past that widow; come sit down, some Wine there, there is a scurvy banquet if we had it. Mr. *Morecraft*, all this fair house is yours sir. *Savil?* *Sav.* Yes sir.

*To. lo.* Are your keyes ready, I must ease your burthen.

*Sav.* I am ready sir to be undone when you shall call me to't.

*To. lo.* Come, come, thou shalt live better.

*Sav.* I shall have less to do, that's all; there is half a dozen of my friends i'th fields Sunning against a bank, with half a breech among um, I shall be with um shortly. The care and continual vexation of being rich, eat up this rascal; what shall become of my poor family? they are no sheep, and yet they must keep themselves.

*To. lo.* Drink M. *Morecraft*, be merry all.

Nay, and you will not drink there's no society;

Captain, speak loud, and drink: Widow a word.

*Cap.* Expound her throughly Knight. Here god a gold here's to thy fair possessions: Be a Baron, and a bold one: Leave off your tickling of young heirs like Trouts, and let thy Chimnies smoke. Feed men o'war, live and be honest, and be saved yet.

*More.* I thank you worthy Captain for your counsel, you keep your chimnies smoking there, your nostrils; and when you can, you feed a man of war, this makes you not a Baron, but a bare one: and how or when you shall be saved, let the Clerk o'th Company (you have commanded) have a just care of.

*Poet.* The man is much moved, Be not angry Sir, but as the Poet sings, let your displeasure be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home and bitterly to me sir: Captain take truce, the Miser is a tart and a witty whorson.

*Cap.* Poet you fain perdie; the wit of this man lies in his fingers ends, he must tell all; his tongue fills his mouth like a neats-tongue,  
and

*The Scornfull Lady.*

and onely serves to lick his hungry chaps after a purchase : his brains & brimstone are the devils diet to a fat usurers head : to her knight, to her, clap her aboard, and stow her. Where's the brave Steward ?

*Sav.* Here's your poor friend, and *Savil* sir.

*Cap.* Away, th'art rich in tenements of Nature. First in thy face, thou hast a serious face. abetting, bargaining, and saving face, a rich face, pawn it to the Usurer, a face to kindle the compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Justice.

*Sav.* Tis such I shall not dare to shew it shortly sir.

*Cap.* Be blithe and bonny Steward. *M. Morecroft*,  
Drink to this man of reckoning. *More:* Here's e'ne to him.

*Sav.* The Devil guide it downward : would there were in't an aker of the great broom-field he bought, to sweep your dirty conscience, or to choke you, tis all one to me Usurer.

*To. lo.* Consider what I told you, you are young, unapt for worldly business : Is it fit one of such tenderness, so delicate, so contrary to things of care, should stir and break her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels, or a new Kirtle, though it be Sattin : Eat by the hope of surfets, and lie down onely in expectation of a morrow, that may undo some easie hearted fool, or reach a Widowes curses ; let out money whose use returns the principall : and get out of these troubles, and consuming heir : For such a one must follow necessary, you shall die hated, if not old and miserable : and that posselt wealth that you got with pining, live to see tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more a kin to you, than you to his cozenage. *Vid.* Sir, you speak well, would God that charity had first begun here.

*To. lo.* Ti: yet time, Be merrie, me thinks you want wine there ; there's more i'th house : Captain, where rests the health ?

*Cap.* It shall go round boy.

*To. lo.* Say you can suffer this, because the end points at much profit, can you so farre bow below your blood, below your too much beauty, to be a partner of this fellowes bed, and lie with his diseases ? If you can, I will not press you further : yet look upon him, there's nothing in that hide-bound usurer, that man of mar, that all decay'd, but aches, for you to love, unless his perisht lungs, his dry cough, or his scurvy. This is truth, and so far I dare speak yet ; he has yet, past cure of Physick, spaw, or any diet, a primitive pox in his bones : and a my knowledge he has been ten times roweld : ye may love him ; he had a ballard, his own toward issue whipt, and then cropt for washing out the roses, in three farthings.

*The Scornfull Lady.*

to make him pence.

*Widow.* I do not like the Morall.

*Yo. Lo.* You must not like him then.

*Enter Eld. Lo.*

*Eld. Lo.* By your leave Gentlemen.

*Yo. Lo.* By my troth sir you are welcome, welcome faith : Lord what a stranger you are grown ; pray know this Gentlewoman, and if you please, these friends here : we are merry, you see the worst on's ; your house has been kept warm sir.

*El. Lo.* I am glad to hear it brother, pray God you are wise too.

*Yo. Lo.* Pray Mr. *Morecraft* know my elder brother, and Captain, do you complement ; *Savil*, I dare swear is glad at heart to see you : Lord, we heard sir you were drown'd at Sea, and see how luckily things come about ?

*More.* This money must be paid back again sir.

*Yo. Lo.* No sir, pray keep the Sale ; 'twill make good Taylors measures : I am well I thank you.

*Wid.* By my troth the Gentleman has stow'd him in his own Sawce, I shall love him for't.

*Sav.* I know not where I am, I am so glad : your worship is the well-comft man alive ; upon my knees I bid you welcome home : here has been such a hurry, such a din, such dismall drinking, swearing, and whoring, 'thas almost made me mad : we have lived in a continuall *Turnbull-street* : Sir, blest be the hour that sent you safe again ; now shall I eat, and go to bed again.

*El. Lo.* Brother dismiss these people.

*Yo. Lo.* Captain be gone a while, meet me at my old *Randvonne* in the evening, take your small Poet with you. Mr. *Morecraft*, you were best go prattle with your learned Councell, I shall preserve your money. I was cozened when time was, we are quit sir.

*Well.* Better and better still. *El. Lo.* What is this fellow brother?

*Yo. Lo.* A thirsty Usurer, that sapt my land off.

*El. Lo.* What does he tarry for ?

*Yo. Lo.* To be Landlord of your House and State : I was bold to make a little sale sir.

*More.* Am I over-reach'd ? if there be Law Ile hamper ye.

*El. Lo.* Prethee be gone, and rave at home, thou art so base a fool I cannot laugh at thee : Sirrah, this comes of cozening, home and spare, eat Radish till you raise your sums again. If you stir far in this, He have you whipt, your ears nail'd for intelligencing to'th Pillorie, and your goods forfeit : you are a stale cozener, leave my house : no more——

*More.*



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*More.* A pox upon your House. Come Widow, I shall yet hamper this young Gamester.

*Wid.* Good twelve i'th the hundred keep your way, I am not for your diet, marry in your own Tribe *Jew*, and yet a *Broker*.

*To. lo.* Tis well said Widow: Will you jogge on sir?

*More.* Yes, I will go, but 'tis no matter whither:

But when I trust a wild foole and a woman,

May I lend *gratis*, and build Hospitals.

*To. lo.* Nay good sir, make all even, here's a Widow wants your good word for me, she's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.

*El. lo.* I am glad you look before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poor distressed younger brother.

*Wid.* You do him wrong sir, he is a Knight.

*El. lo.* I ask you mercy: yet tis no matter, his knighthood is no inheritance I take it: Whatsoever he is, he is your servant, or would be Lady. Faith be not mercilefs, but make a man; he's young and handsome, though he be my brother, and his observances may deserve your love: he shall not fall for means.

*Wid.* Sir, you speak like a worthy brother: and so much I do credit your fair language, that I shall love your brother: and so love him, but I shall blush to say more.

*El. lo.* Stop her mouth. I hope you shall not live to know that hour when this shall be repented. Now brother, I should chide, but I'll give no distast to your fair Mistress, I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't: you have been wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

*To. lo.* Sir, every day now spring comes on.

*El. lo.* To your good M. *Savil*, and your office; thus much I have to say: Y'are from my Steward become, first your own Drunkard, then his Bawd: they say y'are excellent grown in both, and perfect: give me your keyes sir *Savil*.

*Sav.* Good sir, consider who you left me to.

*El. lo.* I left you as a curb, not to provoke my brothers follies: where's the best drink now? come tell me *Savil*: where's the soundest whores? Ye old he Goat, ye dried Ape, ye lame Stallion, must you be leaping in my house, your whores, like Fairies dance their night rounds, without fear either of King or Constable, within my walls? Are all Hangings safe, my sheep unsold yet? I hope my Plate is currant, I ha' too much on't. What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

*Sav.* Good sir forgive me, and but hear me speak.

*El. lo.* Me thinks thou shouldst be drunk still, and not speak, 'tis  
the

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the more pardonable. *Sav.* I will fir, if you will have it so.

*El lo.* I thank ye: Yes, e'ne pursue it fir: do you hear? get a whore soon for your recreation: go look out *Captain Broken-breech* your fellow, and quarrel if you dare: I shall deliyer these keyes to one shall have more honesty, though not so much fine wit Sir. You may walk and gather *Cresses* fir, to cool your liver; there's something for you to begin a diet, you'l have the pox else; speed you well fir *Savil*: you may eat at my house to preserve life, but keep no fornication in the stables. *Exeunt omnes præter Savil.*

*Sav.* Now must I hang my self, my friends will look for't. Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now: I will run mad first, and if that get no pittie, Ile drown my self to a most dismal ditty.

*Exit Savil.*

*Finis Actus tertii.*

ACT US 4. SCENA 1.

*Enter Abigail solus.*

*Abig.* **A** Las poor Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath Age brought thee? to what a scurvy Fortune? thou that hast been a companion for Noblemen, and at the worst of those times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Serving man must begge for favour to those that would have crawld like Pilgrims to my chamber, but for an apparition of me: you that be comming on, make much of fifteen, and so till five and twenty, use your time with reverence, that your profit may arise: it will not tarry with you, *ecce signum*: here was a face, but time that like a surfet, eats out youth, plague of his iron teeth, and draw um for't has been a little bolder here than welcome: and now to say the truth, I am fit for no man. Old men i'th house of fifty, call me *Gram*; and when they are drunk, e'ne then, when *Joane* and my *Lady* are all one, not one will do me reason. My little Levite hath forsaken me, his silver sound of Cittern, quite abolisht his dolefull hymnes under my Chamber window, digested into tedious learning: well fool, you leapt a haddock when you left him: he is a clean man, and a good edifier, and twenty nobles is his state *de clavo*; besides his Pigges in *posse*. To this good *Homilist* I have been ever stubborn, which God forgive me for, and mend my manners: And love if ever thou hadst care of forty, of such a peece of lape ground, hear my prayer, and fire his zeal so far forth, that my faults in this renewed impression of my love, may shew corrected to our gentle Reader.

*Enter Roger.*

See

*The Scornfull Lady.*

See how negligently he passes by me : with what an Equipage Canonical , as though he had broken the heart of *Bellarmino* , or added something to the singing Brethren. Tis scorn , I know it , and deserve it: Master *Roger*.

*Rog.* Fair Gentlewoman, my name is *Roger*.

*Abig.* Then gentle *Roger*.

*Rog.* Ungentle *Abigal*.

*Abig.* Why M. *Roger*, will you set your wit to a weak womans?

*Rog.* You are weak indeed, for so the Poet sings.

*Ab.* I do confess my weakness, sweet Sir *Roger*.

*Rog.* Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating, you have a season of your first mother in ye : and surely had the Devil been in love, he had been abused like me: Go *Dalila*, you make men fools, and weare fig-breeches.

*Ab.* Well, well, hard hearted man, you may dilate upon the weak infirmities of women : these are fit texts, but once there was a time, would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes, those Orient eyes.

*Ro.* I, they were pearls once with you.

*Ab.* Saving your reverence sir, so they are still.

*Ro.* Nay, nay, I do beseech you leave your cogging, what they are, they are, they serve me without spectacles, I thank um.

*Ab.* O will you kill me ?

*Ro.* I do not think I can.

Y'are like a Copy-hold with nine lives in't.

*Ab.* You were wont to bear a Christian fear about you :  
For your own worship sake.

*Ro.* I was a Christian fool then : Do you remember what a dance you led me ? how I grew quam'd in love, and was a dunce ? could not expound but once a quarter , and then was out too : and then out of the stinking stir you put me in, I praid for my own royal issue. You do remember all this ?

*Ab.* O be as then you were.

*Ro.* I thank you for it, surely I will be wiser *Abigal*: And as the Ethnick Poet sings, I will not lose my oyle and labour too.

Y'are for the worshipful I take it *Abigal*.

*Ab.* O take it so, and then I am for thee.

*Ro.* I like these teares well , and this humbling also ; they are Symptomes of contrition, as a Father saith. If I should fall into my fit again , would you not shake me into a quotidian Coxcomb ? Would you not use me scurvily again, and give me possetts with purging Comfets in't ? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me, than a long Chapter with Pedegree.

*The Scornfull Lady.*

*Abig.* O Curate cure me : I will love thee better, dearer, longer, I will do any thing, betray the secrets of the main Household to thy reformation, My Ladie shall look lovingly on thy learning ; and when due time shall point thee for a Parson, I will convert thy egges to penie custards, and thy rithe goose shall graze and multiply.

*Rog.* I am mollified, as well shall restifie this faithfull kittle: but have a great care Mistresse *Abigall*, how you depress the Spirit any more with your rebukes and mockes : for certainly the edge of such a folly cuts it self.

*Abig.* O Sir, you have pierc'd me thorow; here I vow a recantation to those malicious fautes I ever did against you. Never more wil I despise your learning, never more pin cards and Cony-tailes upon your Cassock, never again reproach your reverend night-cap, & call it by the mangie name of Murrin, never your reverend person more, and say, you look like one of *Baalls* Priests in the hanging; never again when you say grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at praiers, never cramp you more with the great book of Martyrs, nor when you ride get sope & chittles for you. No my *Roger*, these fautes shall be corrected and amended, as by the tenour of my teares appeares:

*Rog.* Now cannot I hold if I should be hang'd I must cry too. Come to thine own beloved *Abigall*, and do even what thou wilt with me sweet, sweet *Abigall*. I am thine own for ever, here's my hand, when *Roger* proves a recreant, hang him i'th Belropes.

*Enter Lady and Martha.*

*La.* Why how now Master *Roger*, no praiers down with you to night? Did you hear the bell ring? You are courting: your flock shall fat well for it.

*Rog.* I humbly ask your pardon: Ile chop up praiers (but stay a little) and be with you again. *Exit Rog. Enter El. Lo.*

*La.* How dare you, being so unworthy a fellow, Presume to come to move me any more?

*Eld. lo.* Ha, ha, ha.

*La.* What ailes the fellow?

*Eld. lo.* The fellow comes to laugh at you, I tell you Ladie, I would not for your land, be such a Coxcomb, such a whining Assie, as you decreed me for when I was last here.

*La.* I joy to hear you are wise, 'tis a rare jewell in an elder brother: pray be wiser yet.

*Eld. lo.* Me thinkes I am very wise; I do not come a wooing, Indeed Ile move no more love to your Ladyship.

*La.*

*The scornful Lady.*

*La.* What make you here then?

*El. lo.* Onely to see you and be merrie Ladien that's all my business. Faith let's be verie merrie. Where's little *Roger*? he's a good fellow, an hour or two well spent in wholsome mirth, is worth a thousand of these puling passions. 'Tis an ill world for Lovers.

*La.* They were never fewer.

*El. lo.* I thank heaven there's one less for me Ladie.

*La.* You were never any fir.

*El. lo.* Till now, and now I am the prettiest fellow.

*La.* You talk like a Tailor fir.

*El. lo.* Me thinks your faces are no such fine things now.

*La.* Why did you tell me you were wise? What a lying Age is this? Where will you mend these faces?

*El. lo.* A hogs face soust is worth a hundred of um.

*La.* Sure you had a Sow to your Mother.

*Eld. lo.* She brought forth such fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parsons, Ladie:

*La.* 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergie yet.

*Eld. lo.* That will not save you: O that I were in love again with a wifh. *La.* By this light y'are a scurvie fellow, pray be gone.

*Eld. lo.* You know I am a clean skind man. *La.* Do I know it?

*Eld. lo.* Come, come, you would know it; that's as good: but not a snap, never long for't, not a snap dear Ladie.

*La.* Hark ye fir, hark ye, get ye to the Suburbs, there's Horse-flesh for such hounds: will you go fir?

*El. lo.* Lord how I lov'd this woman, how I worshippt this pretty calfe with the white face here: as I live, you were the prettiest soul to play withal, the wittiest little varlet, it would take: Lord how it talk't: and when I angered it, it would cry out, and scratch, and eat no meate, and it would say, go hang:

*La.* It will say so still if you anger it.

*El. lo.* And when I askt it if it would be married, it sent me of an errant into *France*, and would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

*La.* Sir, this is most unmanly, pray be gone.

*El. lo.* And swear (even when it twittered to be at me) I was unhandsome. *La.* Have you no manners in you?

*El. lo.* And say my back was melted, when heaven knows, I kept it at a charge: Four *Flanders* Mares would have been easier to me, and a Fencer. *La.* You think all this is true now.

*El. lo.* Faith whether it be or no, tis too good for you.

### *The Scornfull Lady.*

But so much for our mirth. Now have at you in earnest.

*La.* There's enough sir, I desire no more.

*El. lo.* Yes faith, we'll have a cast at your best parts now, And then the Devil take the worst.

*La.* Pray sir no more, I am not so much affected with your commendations, 'tis almost dinner, I know they stay for you at the Ordinary.

*El. lo.* E'ne a short Grace, and then I am gone : You are a woman, and the proudest that ever lov'd a Coach : the scornfullest, scurviest, and most senseless woman, the greediest to be prais'd, and never mov'd, though it be gross and open : the most envious, that at the poor fame of anothers face, would eat your own, and more than is your own, the paint belonging to it : of such a self opinion, that you think none can deserve your glove : and for your malice, you are so excellent, you might have been your tempters Tutor : nay, never cry.

*La.* Your own heart knows you wrong me : I cry for ye ?

*El. lo.* You shall before I leave you.

*La.* Is all this spoke in earnest ?

*El. lo.* Yes, and more, as soon as I can get it out.

*La.* Well, out with't. *El. lo.* You are : let me see.

*La.* One that has us'd you with too much respect.

*El. lo.* One that has us'd me (since you will have it so) the basest, the most foot-boy like, without respect of what I was, or what you might be by me : you have us'd me as I would use a jade, ride him off's legs, then turn him to the Commons : you have us'd me with discretion, and I thank ye. If you have any more such pretty servants, pray build an Hospital, and when they are old, pray keep um for shame. *La.* I cannot think yet this is serious.

*El. lo.* Will you have more on't ?

*La.* No faith, there's enough if it be true :

Too much by all my part : you are no lover then ?

*El. lo.* No, I had rather be a Carrier.

*La.* Why, the Gods amend all.

*El. lo.* Neither do I think there can bee such a fellow found i'th world, to be in love with such a froward woman : if there be such, th'are mad, *Jeux* comfort um. Now have you all, and I as new a man, as light, as spirited, that I feel my self clean through another creature. O 'tis brave to be ones own man, I can see you now as I would see a picture, sit all day by you, and never kisse your hand,  
hear



*The Scornfull Lady.*

hear you sing and never fall backward : but with as set a temper as I would hear a Fidler, rise and thank you. I can now keep my money in my purse, that stil was gadding out for Scarfs and Waistcoats, and keep my hand from Mercers sheeps skins finely. I can eat Mutton now, and feast my self with two shillings, and can see a Play for eighteen pence again, I can my Lady, I can.

*La.* The carriage of this fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let me speak a little private with you, I must not suffer this.

*El. lo.* Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me ?  
You vvill not ravish me ? Novv, your set speech ?

*La.* Thou perjur'd man. *El. lo.* Ha, ha, ha, this a fine *exordium* ?  
And vvhy I pray you perjur'd ?

*La.* Did you not svwear a thousand thousand times, you lov'd me best of all things ?

*El. lo.* I do confess it : make your use of that.

*La.* Why do you say you do not then ?

*El. lo.* Nay, Ile svwear it,  
And give sufficient reason, your ovvn usage.

*La.* Do you not love me now then ? *El. lo.* No faith.

*La.* Did you never think I lov'd you dearly ?

*El. lo.* Yes, but I see but rotten fruits on't.

*La.* Do not deny your hand, for I must kiss it, and take my last  
farewel : now let me die, so you be happie.

*El. lo.* I am too foolish : Lady, speak dear Lady.

*La.* No, let me die.

*She swoones.*

• *Mar.* O my sister ! *Abig.* O my Lady, help, help.

*Mar.* Run for some *Rosafolis*.

*El. lo.* I have plaid the fine asse; bend her body: Lady, best, dearest, worthiest Lady, hear your servant : I am not as I shew'd. O wretched fool to sling away the jewel of thy life thus. Give her more air ; see, she, begins to stir, sweet Mistress hear me.

*La.* Is my servant well ? *El. lo.* In being yours, I am so.

*La.* Then I care not.

*El. Lo.* How do ye ? Reach a chair there; I confess my fault not pardonable : in perfuming thus upon such tenderness, my wilfull error ; but had I known it would have wrought thus with ye, thus strangely, not the world had won me to it, and let not (my best Lady) any word spoke to any end, disturb your quiet peace : For sooner shall you know a general ruine, than my faith broken. Do not doubt this Mistress ; for by my life I cannot live without you.

Come

*The Scornfull Lady.*

Come, come, you shall not grieve, rather be angry, and heap affliction on me: I will suffer, O I could curse my self, pray smile upon me. Upon my faith it was but a trick to try you, knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely that you would never shew it, though my means was all humility.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha.

*El. Lo.* How now?

*La.* I thank you fine fool for your most fine plot; this was a subtil one, a stiff device to have caught Dottrels with, good senseless fir, could you imagine I should swoun for you, and know your self to be an arrant Ass? I ha' discovered one. 'Tis quit, I thank you fir, Ha, ha, ha.

*Mar.* Take heed fir, she may chance to swoun again.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha

*Abig.* Step to her, see how she changes colour.

*El. lo.* Ile go to hell first, and be better welcome.

I am fool'd, I do confess it, finely fool'd:  
Lady, fool'd Madam, and I thank you for it.

*La.* Faith tis not so much worth fir;  
But if I knew when you come next a burding,  
Ile have a stronger noose to hold the Woodcock.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha.

*El. lo.* I am glad to see you merry, pray laugh on.

*Mar.* Had a hard heart could not laugh at you.

*La.* You'l anger him,  
And then hee'l raile like a rude Costermonger,  
That School-boys had cozened of his Apples  
As loud and senseless *El. lo.* I will not raile.

*Mar.* Faith then let's hear him sister.

*El. lo.* Yes, you shall hear me.

*La.* Shall we be the better by it then?

*El. lo.* No, he that makes a woman better by his words,  
Ile have him Sainted: blowes will not do it:

*La.* By this light he'l bear us. *El. lo.* You do deserve it rightly:  
And you may live to have a Beadle do it.

*La.* Now he railes

*El. lo.* Come scornful folly,  
If this be railing, you shall hear me raile.

*La.* Pray put it in good words then.

*El. lo.* The worst are good enough for such a trifle,  
Such a proud peece of Cobweb-lawn. *La.* You bite fir.

*El. lo.* I would, till the bones crackt, and I had my will.

*Mar.*

*The Scornfull Lady.*

*Mar.* We had best muzzle him, he growes mad.

*El. lo.* I would 'twere lawfull in the next great sickness to have the Dogges spared, those harmles creatures, and knock i'th head these hot continual plagues; women, that are more infectious. I hope the State will think on't.

*La.* Are you well sir?

*Mar.* He looks as though he had a grievous fit o'th Cholick.

*El. lo.* Green-ginger wil cure me. *Ab.* Ile heat a trencher for him

*El. lo.* Durty *December*, do: Thou with a face as old as *Erra Pater*, such a prognosticating nose; thou thing that ten yeares since has left to be a woman, outworn the expectation of a Baud, and thy drie bones can reach at nothing now, but gords or nine-pins; pray go fetch a treneher, go.

*La.* Let him alone, he's crackt.

*Ab.* Ile see him hang'd first, he's a beastly fellow to use a woman of my breeding thus; I marry is a: would I were a man, I'de make him eat his knaves words.

*Eld. lo.* Tie your she Otter up, good Ladie folly, foh, she stinkes worse than a Bear-baiting.

*Lady.* Why will you be angry now?

*Eld. lo.* Go paint and purge, call in your kennel with you: you a Lady?

*Ab.* Sirrah, look to't against the quarter Sessions, if there be good behaviour in the world, Ile have thee bound to it.

*Eld. lo.* You must not seek it in your Ladies house then; pray send this Ferret home, and spinne good *Abigall*; and Madam, that your Ladiship may know, in what base manner ye have us'd my service, I do from this hour hate ye heartily; and though your follie should whip you to repentance, and waken you at length to see my wrongs, tis not the endeavour of your life shall win me, not all the friends you have make intercession, nor your submissive letters, though they spoke as many reares as words; nor your knees grown to'th ground in penitence, nor all your state to kisse you; nor my pardon and will to give you Christian burial, if you die thus; so farewell. When I am married, and made sure, Ile come and visit you again, and vex you Lady. By all my hopes, Ile be a torment to you, worse than a tedious Winter. I know you will recant and sue to me; but save that labour: Ile rather love a fever and continual thirst, rather contract my youth to drink, and sacerdote upon quarrels, or take a drawn Whore from an Hospital, that time, disease, and *Mercurie* had eaten, than to bee drawn to love you.

*La.*

*The Scornfull Lady.*

*La.* Ha, ha, ha, pray do, but take heed though.

*El. lo.* From thee, false dice, Jades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliver me.

*Exit elder Lovelesse.*

*La.* But hark you servant, hark ye : is he gone ? call him again.

*Abig.* Hang him Padock.

*La.* Art thou here still? flie, flie, and call my servant, flie, or nere see me more.

*Abig.* I had rather knit again than see that Rascall, but I must do it.

*Exit Abigail.*

*La.* I would be loath to anger him too much; what fine foolerie is this in a woman; to use those men most frowardly they love most? If I should lose him thus, I were rightly seryed. I hope he's not so much himself, to take it to th'heart. How now? Will he come back?

*Abig.* Never he sweares, whilst he can hear men say there's any woman living: he swore he would ha' me first.

*La.* Didst thou intreat him wench?

*Abig.* As well as I could Madam. But this is still your way, to love being absent, and when he's with you, laugh at him, and abuse him. There's another way, if you could hit on't.

*La.* Thou saiest true, get me paper, pin and ink, Ile write to him, I'de be loath he should sleep in's anger.

Women are most fools when they think th'are wisest. *Ex. omnes.*

*Adusick.* Enter Young Loveless and Widon going to be married, with them his Comrades.

*Wid.* Pray sir cast off these fellows, as unfitting for your bare knowledge, and far more your company : is't fir such Ragamuffins as these are, should bear the name of Friends, and furnish out a ci-vill house? Y'are to be married now, and men that love you, must expect a course farre from your old carriage : if you will keep um, turn um to'th stable, and there make um groomes : and yet now I consider it, such beggars once set a horseback, you have heard will ride, how far you had best to look to.

*Capt.* Hear you, you that must be Lady, pray content your self, and think upon your carriage soon at night, what dressing will best take your Knight, what waistcoat, what cordiall will do well i'th morning for him, what triers have you?

*Wid.* What do you mean sir?

*Capt.* Those that must switch him up: if he start well, fear not, but cry Saint George, and bear him hard: when you perceive his wind

*The Scornfull Lady.*

wind growes hot and wanting, let him a little down, he's fleet,  
nere doubt him, and stands sound.

*Wid.* Sir, you hear these fellowes?

*To. lo.* Merry companions, wench, merrie companions.

*Wid.* To one another let um be companions, but good Sir not  
to you: You shall be civil, and slip off these base trappings.

*Cap.* He shall not need, my most sweet Ladie Grocer, if he be ci-  
vil, not your powdred Sugar, not your rotten Reasons, shall per-  
swade the Captain to live a Coxcomb with him; let him be civil  
and feed i'th *Arches*, and see what will come on't,

*Poet.* Let him be civil, do: undo him: I, that's the next way.  
I will not take (if he be Civil once) two hundred pounds a year  
to live with him: be civil, there's a trim perswasion.

*Cap.* If thou be'st civil Knight, as *Jove* defend it, get thee another  
nose, that will be pul'd off by the angry boyes for thy conversion:  
the children thou shalt get on this Civilian, cannot inherit by the  
law, th'are *Ethnicks*, and all thy sport meer mortal lechery: when  
they are grown, have but little in um, they may prove Haberdash-  
ers, or grosse Grocers, like their dear Dam there: prethee be civil  
Knight, in time thou maist read to thy household, and be drunk once  
a year: this would shew finely.

*To. lo.* I wonder sweet heart, you will offer this, you do not un-  
derstand these Gentlemen: I will be short and pithie: I had rather  
cast you off by the way of charge, these are creatures that nothing  
goes to the maintenance of, but corn and water. I will keep these  
fellowes just in the competency of two Hens.

*Wid.* If you can cast it so sir, you have my liking: if they eat less,  
I should not be offended. But how these Sir, can live upon so little  
as corn and water, I am unbelieving.

*To. lo.* Why prethee sweet heart, what's your Ale? is not that  
corn and water, my sweet Widow?

*Wid.* I but my sweet Knight, where's the meat to this, and clothes,  
that they must look for?

*To. lo.* In this short sentence, *Ale*, is all included, Meat, Drink, and  
Cloth; These are no ravening Footmen, no fellowes that at Ordina-  
ries do eat their eighteen pence thrice out before they rise; and  
yet goe hungry to a Play, and crack more nuts than would suffice a  
dozen Squirrels; besides the din which is damnable: I had rather  
rail, and be confin'd to a bear-baiting, than live among such Ras-  
cals: these are people of such a clean discretion in their diet, of such  
a moderate fastenance, that they sweat if they but smell hot meat,

### *The Scornfull Lady.*

*Porrengo* is poyson, they hate a Kitchin as they hate a Counter, and shew um but a Fetherbed they swoond. Ale is their eating and their drinking surely, which keeps their bodies cleare and soluble. Bread is a binder, and for that abolisht even in their Ale, whose lost roome fills an Apple, which is more air, and of subtiler nature. The rest they take is little, and that little is little easie. For like strict men of Order, they do correct their bodies with a bench, or a poor stubborn Table: if a chimney offer it self with some few broken rushes, they are in Downe: when they are sicke; that's drunk, they may have fresh straw, else they do despise these worldly pamperings. For their poor apparel, tis worn out to the diet: new they seek none; and if a man should offer, they are angry, scarce to be reconcil'd again with him: you shall not hear um aske me a cast doublet once in a year: which is modesty befitting my poor friends. You see their *wardrobe*, though slender, competent: For shirts, I take it, they are things worn out of their remembrance. *Louzie* they will be when they list, and mangie, which shewes a fine varietie: and then to cure 'em a Tanners lime-pit, which is little charge, to Dogs and these, these two may be cur'd for three pence.

*Wid.* You have half perswaded me, pray use your pleasure: and my good friends, since I do know your diet, Ile take an order, meat shall not offend you, you shall have Ale.

*Cap.* We ask no more, let it be mightie Ladie; and if we perish, then our own sins on us.

*To Jo.* Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my boyes, when we have done, Ile give you chear in bowles.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus quarti.*

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### ACTUS 5. SCENA 1.

*Enter Elder Loveliss.*

*Eld. Lo.* This senseless woman vexes me to the heart, she will not from my memory: would she were a man for one two hours, that I might beat her. If I had been unhandsome, old, or jealous, 'thad been an even lay, she might have scorn'd me; but to be young, and by this light, I think as proper as the proudest, made as clean, as straight, as strong back; means and manners equal with the best cloth of silver, sir, i' the kingdome: but these are things at some time of the moon, below the cut of canvas: sure she has some meaching rascal in her house, some hinde, that she hath seen bear (like another *Milo*) quarters of malt upon his back, and sing with it, thrash all day, and i' the evening in his stockins strike up a horn pipe, and there stinke  
two



*The Scornfull Lady.*

two hours, and nere a whit the worse man; these are they, these steel chind rascals that undo us all. Would I had seen a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed ere this time. *Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, there's a Gentleman without would speak with you.

*El. lo.* Bid him come in.

*Enter Welford.*

*Wel.* By your leave sir.

*El. lo.* You are welcome, what's your will sir?

*Wel.* Have you forgotten me?

*El. lo.* I do not much remember you.

*Wel.* You must sir. I am the Gentleman you pleased to wrong in your disguise, I have inquired you out.

*El. lo.* I was disguised indeed sir, if I wrong'd you; pray where? and when? *Wel.* In such a Ladies house, I need not name her.

*El. lo.* I do remember you, you seem'd to be a Suiter to that Lady.

*Wel.* If you remember this, do not forget how scurvily you us'd me: that was no place to quarrel in, pray you think of it: if you be honest, you dare fight with me, without more urging, else I must provoke yee.

*El. lo.* Sir I dare fight, but never for a woman; I will not have her in my cause, she is mortal, and so is not my anger: if you have brought a noble subject for our swords, I am for you: in this I would be loath to prick my finger. And where you say I wrong'd you, tis so far from my profession, that amongst my fears, to do wrong is the greatest: credit me, we have been both abused (not by our selves, for that I hold a spleen, no sin of malice, and may with man enough be left forgotten) but by that wilful, scornful peerce of hatred, that much forgetful Ladie: For whose sake, if we should leave our reason, and run on upon our sense, like Rams, the little World of good men would laugh at us, and despise us, fixing upon our desperate memories, the never-worn out names of Fool and Fencers. Sir, tis not fear, but reason makes me to tell you; in this I had rather help you sir, then hurt you, and you shall finde it, though you throw your self into as many dangers as she offers, though you redeem her lost name every day, and find her out new honours with your sword, you shall but be her mirth, as I have been.

*Wel.* I ask you mercie sir, you have ran my edge off: yet I would faine be even with this Ladie.

*El. lo.* In which Ile be your helper: We are two, and they are two: two sisters, rich alike, onely the elder hath the prouder Dowry: In troth I pittie this disgrace in you, yet of mine own I am senseless: do but follow my counsel, and Ile pawn my spirit, we'll over-reach



*The Scornfull Lady.*

'em yet, the means is this.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, there's a Gentlewoman will needs speak with you, I cannot keep her out, she's entred sir.

*El. lo.* It is the waiting woman, pray be not seen: Sirrah hold her in discourse a while: hark in your ear, go and dispatch it quickly, when I come in, Ile tell you all the project.

*Wel.* I care not which I have.

*Exit Welford.*

*El. lo.* Away, tis done, she must not see you: now Lady Gwiniver, what news with you?

*Enter Abigail.*

*Ab.* Pray leave these frumps sir, and receive this letter.

*El. lo.* From whom, good vanitie?

*Abig.* Tis from my Lady sir: Alas good soul, she cries and takes on.

*El. lo.* Does she so good soul? would she not have a Cawdle? doe's she send you with your fine Oratorie goodie Tully to tie me to believe again? Bring out the Cat hounds, Ile make you take a tree whore, then with my Tiller bring down your Gibbship, and then have you cas'd, and hung up i'th Warren.

*Abig.* I am no beast sir, would you knew it.

*El. lo.* Wo'd I did, for I am yet very doubtfull: What will you say now?

*Abig.* Nothing not I.

*El. lo.* Art thou a Woman, and say nothing?

*Abig.* Unless you'll hear me with more moderation: I can speak wise enough.

*El. lo.* And loud enough? will your Lady love me?

*Ab.* It seems so by her letter and her lamentations; but you are such another man.

*El. lo.* Not such another as I was, Mumps, nor will not be: Ile read her fine Epistle: Ha, ha, ha, is not thy Mistress mad?

*Abig.* For you she will be, 'tis a shame you should use a poor Gentlewoman so untowardly; she loves the ground you tread on; and you (hard heart) because she jested with you, mean to kill her; tis a fine conquest as they say.

*El. lo.* Hast thou so much moisture in thy whitleather hide yet, that thou canst cry? I would have sworn thou hadst been Touchwood five years since; Nay, let it rain, thy face chops for a shower like a drie Dunghill.

*Ab.* Ile not indure this Ribauldrie; farevvell i'th devils name: If my Ladic die, Ile be sworn before a Jury thou art the cause on't.

*El. lo.* Do Maukin do, deliver to your Lady from me this: I mean to see her, if I have no other business: which before Ile vvant to come

*The Scornfull Lady.*

come to her, I mean to go seek birds nests : yet I may come too: but if I come, from this door till I see her, will I think how to rail vilely at her, how to vex her, and make her cry so much, that the Physician, if she fall sick upon't, shall want urine to finde the cause by: and the remediless die in her heresie: Farewel old Adage, I hope to see the Boyes make pot-guns on thee.

*Ab.* Th'art a vile man, God blefs my issue from thee.

*El. Is.* Thou hast but one, that's in thy left crupper, that makes thee hobble so, you must be ground i'th breech like a top, you'l nere spin well else: Farewell Fychock.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lady alone.*

*La.* Is it not strange that every Womans will should tracke out new waies to disturb her self? If I should call my reason to account, it cannot answer why I keep my self from mine own wish; and stop the man I love from his; and every hour repent again, yet still go on: I know 'tis like a man that wants his natural sleep, and growing dull would gladly give the remnant of his life for two hours rest, yet through his frowardness, will rather chuse to watch another man, drowsie as he, then take his own repose: All this I know: yet a strange peevishness and anger, not to have the power to do things unexpected, carries me away to mine own ruine: I had rather die sometimes, then not disgrace in publick him whom people think I love, and do't with oaths, and am in earnest then. O what are we! Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such things as we command. How now, what news?

*Enter Abigail.*

*Ab.* Faith Madam, none worth hearing. *La.* Is he not come?

*Ab.* No truly. *La.* Nor has he writ?

*Ab.* Neither. I pray God you have not undone your self.

*La.* Why, but what saies he?

*Ab.* Faith he talks strangely. *La.* How strangely?

*Ab.* First at your letter he laught extreamly.

*La.* What, in contempt?

*Ab.* He laught monstrous loud, as he would die; and when you wrot it, I think you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way: and having done, he cried alas for her, and violently laught again. *La.* Did he? *Ab.* Yes, till I was angry.

*La.* Angry, why? why wert thou angry? he does but well, I did deserve it, he had been a fool, an unfit man for any one to love, had he not laught thus at me: You were angry, that shewed your folly; I shall love him more for that, then all that ere he did before; but said he nothing else?

*Ab.*

## The Scornfull Lady.

*Ab.* Many uncertain things he said : though you had mockt him, because you were a woman, he could wish to do you so much favour as to see you : yet he said, he knew you rash, and was loath to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave.

*La.* What one was that ?

*Ab.* I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making up there : for I heard the servants, as I past by some, whisper such a thing : and as I came back through the Hall, there were two or three Clarkes writing great Conveyances in hast, which they said were for their Mistress Jointer.

*La.* Tis very like and fit it should be so, for he does think, and reasonably think, that I should keep him with my idle trickes for ever ere he be married.

*Ab.* At last he said, it should go hard, but he would see you for your satisfaction.

*La.* All we that are call'd women know as well as men, it were a far more noble thing to grace where we are grac't, and give respect there where we are respected : yet we practise a wilder course, and never bend our eyes on men with pleasure, till they find the way to give us a neglect : then we, too late, perceive the losse of what we might have had, and dote till death.

*Exit Martha.*

*Mar.* Sister, yonders your servant with a gentlewoman with him.

*La.* Where ? *Mar.* Close at the door.

*La.* Ah ! Alas I am undone, I fear he is betroth'd.

What kind of woman is she ?

*Mar.* A most ill-favoured one, with her masque on : And how her face should mend the rest, I know not.

*La.* But yet her mind vvas of a milder stoffe then mine vvas.

*Enter Eld. Loveles, and Welford in womans apparell.*

*La.* Now I see him if my heart swell not again (avvay thou Womans pride) so that I cannot speak a gentle vvord to him, let me not

*Eld. lo.* By your leave here. (live.

*La.* Howv novv, vvhat nev vtrick invites you hither ?  
Ha' you a fine device again ?

*Eld. lo.* Faith this is the finest device I have novv :  
Howv dost thou sweet heart ?

*Wel.* Why very vvell, so long as I may please  
You my dear lover, I nor can, nor will,  
Be ill vvhen you are vvell, vvell vvhen you are ill.

*El. lo.* O thy sweet temper : What vvould I have given that Lady  
had been like thee : seest thou her ? that face ( my love ) joyn'd vvith  
thy

*The Scornfull Lady.*

thy humble mind, had made a Wench indeed.

*Wel.* Alas my love, what God hath done, I dare not think to mend, I use no paint, not any drugs of art, my hands and face will shew it.

*La.* Why what thing have you brought to shew us there? do you take money for it?

*Eld lo.* A thing not to be bought for money: tis my Mistress, in whom there is no passion, nor no scorn: what I will is her law: pray you salute her.

*La.* Salute her? by this good light I would not kiss her for halfe my wealth.

*Eld lo.* Why? Why pray you?  
You shall see me do't afore you; look you.

*La.* Now fie upon thee, a beast would not have don't, I would not kiss thee of a month, to gain a kingdome.

*Eld lo.* Marry you shall not be troubled.

*La.* Why was there ever such a *Mag* as this?  
Sure thou art mad.

*Eld lo.* I was mad once when I lov'd pictures; for what are shape and colour else but pictures? In that tawny Hide there lies an endless masse of vertues, when all your red and white ones want it.

*La.* And this is she you are to marry, is't not?

*Eld lo.* Yes indeed is't.

*La.* God give you joy.

*Eld lo.* Amen.

*Wel.* I thank you, though unknown, for your good wish:  
The like to you when ever you shall wed.

*Eld lo.* O gentle spirit.

*La.* You thank me? I pray  
Keep your breath nearer you, I do not like it.

*Wel.* I would not willingly offend at all;

Much less a Lady of your worthy parts.

*Eld lo.* Sweet, sweet:

*La.* Do not think this Woman can by nature be thus,

Thus ugly; sure she's some common Strumpet.

Defrom'd with exercise of sin.

*Wel.* O sir, believe not this, for heaven to comfort me, as I am free from foul pollution with any man; my honour tane away, I am no woman.

*Eld lo.* Arise my dearest soul, I do not credit it. Alas, I fear her tender heart will break with this reproach: fie, that you know no more civilitie to a weak virgin. 'Tis no matter sweet, let her say what she will, thou art not worse to me, and therefore not at all: be careless.

*Wel.* For all things else I would, but for mine honour, Me thinks.

*Eld lo.* Alas, thine honour is not stain'd;

*The Scornfull Lady.*

Is this the businesse that you sent for me about?

*Mar.* Faith sister, you are much too blame, to use a Woman, whatsoere she be, thus; Ile salute her: You are welcome hither.

*Wel.* I humbly thank you.

*El. lo.* Milde yet as the Dove, for all these injuries, Come, shall we go, I love thee not so jill as to keep thee here a jesting stock.

Adieu to the worlds end. *La.* Why, whither now?

*El. lo.* Nay, you shall never know, because you shall never find me.

*La.* I pray let me speak with you. *El. lo.* Tis very well: come.

*La.* I pray you let me speak with you. *El. lo.* Yes for another mock

*La.* By heaven I have no mock: good sir, a word.

*El. lo.* Though you deserve not so much at my hands, yet if you be in such earnest, Ile speak a word with you; but I beseech you be brief: for in good faith there's a Parson and a Licence stay for us i'th Church all this while, and you know 'tis night.

*La.* Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoever I have heretofore spoken jestingly, forget: for as I hope for mercy any where, what I shall utter now, is from my heart, and as I mean.

*El. lo.* Well, vvell, what do you mean?

*La.* Was not I once your Mistress, and you my Servant?

*Eld. lo.* O 'tis about the old matter.

*La.* Nay, good sir stay me out; I would but hear you excuse your self, why you should take this Woman and leave me.

*Eld. lo.* Prethee why not, deserves she not as much as you?

*La.* I think not, if you will look vvith an indifferency upon us both

*El. lo.* Upon your faces, 'tis true, but if judicially vve shall cast our eyes upon your minds, you are a thousand vvomen of her in vvorth, she cannot svvound in jest, nor set her lovers tasks, to shew her peevishness, and his affection, nor cross vvhat he saies, though she be Canonical. She's a good plain Wench, that vvill do as I vvill have her, and bring me lusty Boyes to throw the sledge, & lift at pigs of lead: and for a Wife, she's far beyond you: What can you do in a household to provide for your issue, but lie a bed and get um? your businesse is to dress you and at idle hours to eat, vvhen she can do a thousand profitable things: she can do pretty vvell in the Pastry & knows howv pullen should be cram'd, she cuts Cambrick at a threed, vveaves bone-lace, and quilts balls admirably. And vvhat are you good for?

*La.* Admit it true, that she vvere far beyond me in all respects, does that give you a licence to forsvwear your self?

*El. lo.* Forsvwear my self, Hovv?

*La.* Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oathes you have uttered,

*The Scornfull Lady.*

uttered, in disclaiming all for wives but me.

*El. Lo.* Nay, but conceive me; the intent of oathes is ever understood. Admit I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodging to morrow: Divines would never hold me perjur'd, if I were struck blind, or he hid him where my diligent search could not find him: so there were no cross act of mine own in't. Can it be imagined I meant to force you to marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

*La.* Alas you need not, I make already tender of my selfe, and then you are forsworn,

*El. Lo.* Some sinne I see indeed must necessarily fall upon me, as whosoever deales with women, shall never utterly avoid it: yet I would chuse the least ill: which is, to forsake you, that have done me all the abuses of a malignant woman; contemnd my service, and would have held me prating about marriage, till I had been past getting of children, then her that hath forsaken her family, and put her tender body in my hand, upon my word.

*La.* Which of us swore you first to? *El. Lo.* Why to you.

*La.* Which oath is to be kept then?

*El. lo.* I Prethee do not urge my sinnes unto me, Without I could amend um: *La.* Why, you may, by wedding me.

*El. Lo.* How will that satisfie my word to her?

*La.* Tis not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction:

'Tis an error fit for repentance onely.

*El, Lo:* Shall I live to wrong that tender hearted virgin so? It may not be. *La.* Why may it not be?

*El. Lo.* I swear I had rather marry thee then her: but yet mine honesty?

*La.* What honesty? 'Tis more preserv'd this way. Come, by this light servant thou shalt, Ile kisse thee on'r.

*El. Lo.* This kisse indeed is sweet, pray God no sin lie under it.

*La.* There's no sin at all, try but another.

*Wel.* O my heart.

*Mar.* Help sister, this Lady swounes.

*El. Lo.* How do you? *Wel.* Why very well, if you bee so, a most ungodly thing. *El. Lo.* Hear me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter; I did make an oath, when you delaid me so, that this very night I would be married: Now if you will go without delay suddenly, as late as it is, with your own Minister to your own Chappel, Ile wed you, and to bed.

*La.* A match dear servant,



*The Scornfull Lady.*

*El. lo.* For if you should forsake me now, I care not, she would not though for all her injuries, such is her spirit, if I be not ashamed to kiss her now I part, may I not live.

*Wel.* I see you go, as slyly as you think to steal away, yet I will pray for you; All blessings of the world light on you two, that you may live to be an aged pair. All curses on me, if I do not speak what I do wish indeed.

*El. lo.* If I can speak to purpose to her, I am a villain.

*La.* Servant away.

*Mar.* Sister, will you marry that inconstant man? Think you he will not cast you off to morrow; to wrong a Lady thus, look't she like dirt, 'twas basely done. May you nere prosper with him.

*Wel.* Now God forbid. Alas, I was unworthy, so I told him.

*Mar.* That was your modesty, too good for him: I would not see your wedding for a world.

*La.* Chuse, chuse, come *Yonglove*.

*Ex. La. El. lo.*

*Mar.* Dry up your eyes forsooth, you shall not think we are all uncivil. Would I knew how to give you a revenge.

*Wel.* So would not I: no let me suffer truly, that I desire.

*Mar.* Pray walk in with me, 'tis very late, and you shall stay all night: your bed shall be no worse than mine; I wish I could but do you right.

*Wel.* My humble thanks: God grant I may but live to quit your love.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Young Lovelleffe and Savill.*

*Yong lo.* Did your Master send for me *Savill*?

*Sav.* Yes, he did send for your Worship sir.

*Yo. lo.* Do you know the business?

*Sav.* Alas sir, I know nothing, nor am imploy'd beyond my houres of eating. My dancing days are done sir.

*Yo. lo.* What art thou now then?

*Sav.* If you consider me in little, I am with your Worships reverence sir, a Rascal; one that upon the next anger of your brother, must raise a sconce by the high way, and sell switches: My Wife is learning now to weave Inkle.

*Yo. lo.* What dost thou mean to do with thy children *Savill*?

*Sa.* My eldest Boy is half a Rogue already, he was born bursten, and your Worship knowes, that's a pretty step to mens compassions: My youngest Boy I purpose sir to bind for ten years to a Jaylor, to draw under him, that he may shew us mercy in his function.

*Yo. lo.* Your family is quartered with discretion; you are resolved to Cant then: Where *Savill* shall your Scene lie?

*Sav.*



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*Sav.* Beggers must be no choosers ;  
In every place (I take it) but the stockes.

*To. lo.* This is your drinking and your whoring, *Savil* ;  
I told you of it, but your heart was hardned.

*Savil.* Tis true, you were the first that told me of it indeed; I do remember yet in teares; you told me you would have whores, and in that passion fir, you broke out thus ; Thou miserable man, repent, and brew three strikes more in a hoghead; Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time can tarry for no man.

*To. lo.* Y'are grown a bitter Gentleman. I see misery can clear your head better then mustard. Ile be a Suror for your Keyes again fir.

*Sav.* Will you but be so gracious to me fir, I shall be bound.

*To. lo.* You shall fir, to your Bunch again, or Ile miss foully.

*Enter Morecraft.*

*More* Save you Gentleman, save you.

*To. lo.* Now Polcat, what yong Rabbets nest have you to draw ?

*More.* Come prethee be familiar Knight.

*To. lo.* Away Fox, Ile send for Terriers for you.

*More.* Thou art wide yet : Ile keep thee company.

*To. lo.* I am about some business ; Indentures,  
If you follow me Ile beat you ; take heed,  
As I live, Ile cancel your Coxcomb.

*More.* Thou art cozen'd now, I am no Usurer.

What poor fellow's this ? *Sav.* I am poor indeed fir.

*More.* Give him money Knight.

*To. lo.* Do you begin the offering.

*More.* There poor fellow, here's an angel for thee.

*To. lo.* Art thou in earnest *Morecraft* ?

*More.* Yes faith Knight, ile follow thy example: thou hadst land, and thousands, thou spentst and flungst away, and yet it flowes in double : I purchas'd, wrung and wiew-draw'd for my wealth, lost and was cozen'd : for which I make a vow, to try all the wayes above ground, but ile finde a constant meanes to riches without curses.

*To. lo.* I am glad of your conversion Mr *Morecraft*.

Y'are in a fair course, pray pursue it still.

*More.* Come, we are all Gallants now, ile keep thee company: here honest fellow, for this gentlemans sake, ther's 2 angels more for thee

*Sav.* Heaven quite you fir, and keep you long in this mind.

*To. lo.* Wilt thou persevere ?

*More.* Till I have a penny, I have brave clothes a making, and two horses ; canst thou help mee to a match Knight ? Ile lay a

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

thousand pound upon my Crop-ear.

*To. lo.* Foot, this is stranger then an *Affrick* monster;  
There will be no more talk of warres  
Whilst this lasts; come, Ile put thee into blood.

*Sav.* Would all this damnd Tribe were as tender-hearted, I  
beseech you let this Gentleman joyn with you in the recovery of  
my keyes; I like his good beginning fir, the whilst Ile pray for both  
your Worshipps. *To. lo.* He shall fir.

*More.* Shall we go noble Knight? I would faine be acquainted.

*To. lo.* Ile be your servant fir.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Eld. Levelesse, and Lady.*

*El. lo.* Faith my sweet Lady, I have caught you now, maugre your  
subtilties and fine devices; be coy again now.

*La.* Prethee sweet-heart tell true.

*Eld. lo.* By this light, by all the p'tsures I have had this night, by  
your lost maidenhead, you are cozen'd meerly, I have cast beyond  
your wit. That Gentleman is your retainer *Welford*.

*La.* It cannot be so.

*Eld. lo.* Your sister has found it so, or I mistake, mark how shee  
blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not travel, now, ha,  
ha, ha. *La.* Prethee sweet heart, be quiet, thou hast angred me at  
heart. *Eld. lo.* Ile please you soon again. *La. Welford.*

*El. lo.* I *Welford*, hee's a young handsome fellow, well bred and  
fanded: your sister can instruct you in his good parts, better than I.  
by this time. *La.* Uds foot, am I fetch't over thus?

*Eld. lo.* Yes ifaith. And over shall be fetcht again, never fear it.

*La.* I must be patient, though it torture me:  
You have got the Sun fir.

*Eld. lo.* And the Moon too, in which Ile be the man.

*La.* But had I known this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should have  
hunted three traines more before you had come to th' course; you  
should have hankt it o'th bridle fir, ifaith.

*El. lo.* I knew it, and min'd with you; and to blew you up.  
Now you may see the Gentlewoman: stand close.

*Enter Welford and Marth.*

*Mar.* For Gods sake fir, be private in this business.  
You have undone me else. O heaven what have I done?

*Wel.* No harm I warrant thee.

*Mar.* How shall I look upon my friend again, with what face?

*Wel.* Why e'ne with this: 'tis a good one, thou canst not finde  
a better: look upon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall  
finde

### *The Scornfull Lady.*

finde um smooth still, fair still, sweet still, and to your thinking honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or dare do Mistresses, and yet they keep no stirre.

*Mar.* Good sir go in, and put your womans cloathes on : If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever.

*Wel.* Ile watch you for that Mistress : I am no fool; here will I tarry till the house be up, and witness with me.

*Mar.* Good dear friend go in.

*Wel.* To bed again if you please, else I am fixt here till there bee notice taken who I am, and what I have done : if you could juggle me into my womanhood again, and so cog me out of your company, all this would be forsworn, and I again an Asinego, as you sister left me. No, Ile have it known and publisht; then if you'll bee a Whore, forsake me and be ashamed: and when you can hold out no longer, marry some cast *Cleave Captain*, and sell Bottle-Ale.

*Mar.* I dare not stay sir, use me modestly, I am your wife.

*Wel.* Go in, Ile make up all.

*El. lo.* Ile be a witness of your naked truth sir: this is the Gentlewoman, prethee look upon him, this is he that made me break my faith, sweet: but thank your sister, she hath soderd it.

*La.* What a dull Ass was I, I could not see this *Welsford* from a wench: twenty to one if I had been but tender like my sister, he had served me such a slippery trick too.

*Wel.* Twenty to one I had.

*El. lo.* I would have watcht you sir, by your good patience, for Ferriting in my ground.

*La.* You have been with my sister.

*Wel.* Yes to bring.

*El. lo.* An heir into the world he meanes.

*La.* There is no chafing now.

*Wel.* I have had my part on't: I have been chafst this three hours, that's the least, I am reasonable cool now.

*La.* Cannot you fare wel, but you must cry Roast-meat?

*Wel.* He that fares well, and will not blesse the Founders, is either surfeited, or ill taught. Lady, for mine own part, I have found so sweet a Diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

*El. lo.* How like you this dish *Welsford*. I made a supper on't, and fed so heartily, I could not sleep.

*La.* By this light, had I but sented out your train, ye had slept with a bare pillow in your armes, and kist that, or else the bed-post, for any wise you had got this twelve-month yet: I would have vexed  
you

### *The Scornfull Lady.*

you more then a tyr'd Post-horse, and been longer bearing, then ever after-game at *Irish* was. Lord that I were unmarried again.

*El. lo.* Lady, I would not undertake yee, were you again a Haggard, for the best cast of Ladies i'th kingdom: you were ever tickle-footed, and would not truffle round.

*Wel.* Is she fast? *El. lo.* She was all night lockt here boy.

*Wel.* Then you may lure her without fear of losing: take off her Cranes: You have a delicate Gentlewoman to you sister. Lord what a prettie furie she was in, when she perceiv'd I was a man: but I think I satisfied her scruple, without the Parson o'th Town.

*El. lo.* What did yee?

*Wel.* Madam, can you tell what we did?

*El. lo.* She has a shrewd guesse as it, I see it by her.

*La.* Well you may mock us; but my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambrie*, had I but seen into you, you should have had another bedfellow fitter a great deal for your itch.

*Wel.* I thank you Lady, me thought it was well,  
You are so curious.

*Enter Young Lovelasse, his Lady, Morecraft, Savill, and  
two Serving-men.*

*El. lo.* Get on your Doublet, here comes my brother.

*Yo. lo.* Good morrow Brother, and all good to your Lady.

*More.* God save you, and good morrow to you all.

*El. lo.* Good morrow. Here's a poor brother of yours.

*La.* Fie, how this shames me.

*More.* Prethee good fellow help me to a cup of Beer.

*Ser.* I vwill sir.

*Yo. lo.* Brother, vwhat make you here? Will this Lady do?  
Will she? is she not netled still? *El. lo.* No, I have cur'd her.

*Mr. Welford.* pray knowv this Gentleman, he is my brother.

*Wel.* Sir, I shall long to love him.

*Yo. lo.* I shall not be your debtor sir. But howv is't vwith you?

*El. lo.* As vwell as may be man, I am married: your nev्व acquaintance hath her sister, and all's vwell.

*Yo. lo.* I am glad on't. Novv my pretty Lady sister,  
Howv do you find my brother?

*La.* Almost as vvild as you are.

*Yo. lo.* Hee'l make the better husband: you have tried him?

*La.* Against my vvill sir.

*Yo. lo.* Hee'l make you vvell amends soon, do not doubt it;  
But sir, I must intreat you to be better knowvn.

### *The Scornfull Lady.*

To this converted Jew here.

*Ser.* Here's Beer for you fir.

*Mor.* And here's for you an Angel.

Pray buy no land, 'twill never prosper fir. *El. lo.* How's this?

*To. lo.* Blessè you, and then ile tell you : he's turned Gallant.

*El. lo.* Gallant?

*To. lo.* I Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft.*

The Reason Ile inform you at more leasure.

*Wel.* O good fir, let me know him presently.

*To. lo.* You shall hug one another.

*Mor.* Sir, I must keep you company. *El. lo.* And reason.

*To. lo.* *Cutting Morecraft* faces about, I must present another.

*Mor.* As many as you will fir, I am for um.

*Wel.* Sir, I shall do you service.

*Mor.* I shall look for't in good faith fir.

*El. lo.* Prethee good sweet heart kisse him.

*La.* Who's that fellow?

*Sav.* Sir, will it please you to remember me : my keys good fir.

*To. lo.* Ile do it presently.

*El. lo.* Come, thou shalt kifs him for our sport sake.

*La.* Let him come on then ; and do you hear, do not instruct me in these trickes, for you may repent it.

*El. lo.* That at my peril. Lusty Mr. *Morecraft*,  
Here is a Lady would salure you.

*Mor.* She shall not lose her longing fir : What is she?

*El. lo.* My wife fir. *Mor.* She must be then my Mistress.

*La.* My wife fir? *El. lo.* O Yes, you must.

*Mor.* You must wear this Ring, a poor pawn  
Of some fifty pound.

*El. lo.* Take it by any means, 'tis lawful prize.

*La.* Sir, I shall call you servant.

*Mor.* I shall be proud on't. What fellow's that?

*To. lo.* My Ladies Coachman.

*Mor.* There's something (my friend) for you to buy whips,  
and for you fir, and you fir.

*El. lo.* Under a miracle this is the strangest I ever heard of.

*Mor.* What, shall we play, or drink? What shall we do?  
Who will hunt with me for an hundred pounds?

*Wel.* Stranger and stranger!

Sir, you shall finde sport after a day or two.

*To. lo.* Sir, I have suit unto you

*The Scornfull Lady.*

Concerning your old servant *Savit*.

*El. lo.* O, for his Keye: I know it. *Sir.* Now fir, strike in.  
*More.* Sir, I must have you grant me.

*El. lo.* 'Tis done fir, take your Keyes again.  
But hark you *Savit*, leave off the motions  
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again.  
He try you once again.

*Sav.* If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,  
Take off the biggest Key with bunch, and open  
My head with it fir: I humbly thank your worship.

*El. lo.* Nay then I see we must keep holiday.  
Here's the fall couple in hell.

*Enter Roger  
and Abigail.*

*Ro.* Joy be among you all.

*La.* Why how now sir, what is the meaning of this Emblem?

*Ro.* Marriage an't like your worship.

*La.* Are you married?

*Ro.* As fall as the next Priest could do it, Madam.

*El. lo.* I think the signe's in *Gem*, here's such coupling.

*Wel.* Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your sweet-heart  
to night?

*Ro.* Not the best Benefice in your Worships gift Sir.

*Wel.* A whorson, how he swels.

*To. lo.* How many times to night, fir *Roger*?

*Ro.* Sir, you grow scurrilous:

What I shall do, I shall do; I shall not need your help.

*To. lo.* For Horfe flesh *Re.*

*El. lo.* Come, prethee be not angry, 'tis a day  
Given wholly to our mirth.

*La.* It shall be so fir: Sir *Roger* and his Bride,  
We shall inreat to be at our charge.

*El. lo.* *Welford* get you to the Church: by this light  
You shall not lie with her again, till y<sup>e</sup> are married.

*W. L.* I am gone.

*More.* To every Bride I dedicate this day;  
Six healths a peece, and it shall go hard,  
But every one a jewel: Come, be mad boyes.

*El. lo.* Th<sup>art</sup> in a good beginning: Come, who leads?  
*Sir Roger*, you shall have the *Van*, and lead the way,  
Would every dogged Wench had such a day.

*FINIS.*



